BLUE AND GRAY

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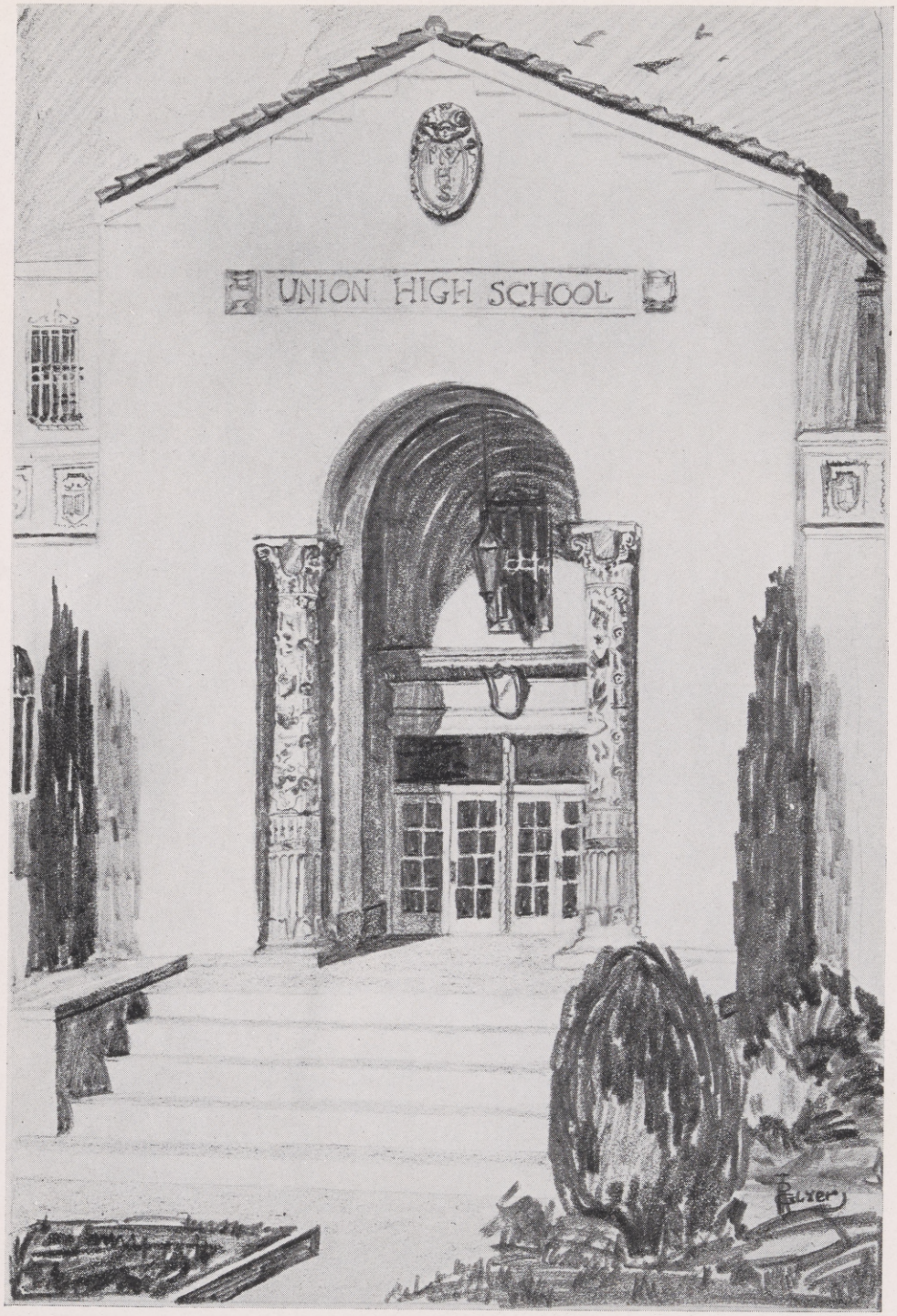
UNION HIGH SCHOOL

A Symbol of Greatness

Down thru all the ages,
  From Roman and Norse to Yank,
By monarchs and by sages,
  Men have honored this bird of rank.

They have used him as a token,
  Of courage, strength, and life,
To goad them on, tho broken
  Thru failure and desp'rate strife.

We too have our reasons
  In choosing this bird of fame
To be thru all four seasons,
  Our highest, finest aim!

Blue and Gray

Published by
The Mountain View Union High School
Student Body

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MOUNTAIN VIEW
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Mountain View, Calif.

In Memoriam

C. E. Kunze

Board of Trustees

Mountain View Union High School

Knowledge, wisdom, unselfishness marked his brief journey. With us his name shall live.

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Knowledge, wisdom, unselfishness
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C. GIBSON
MAIN ENTRANCE

DELBERT BRUNTON
Principal

RUTH A. PELL
Secretary

HELEN A. COLEMAN
Mathematics, Scholarship

MAY CHRISTAL
Opportunity Classes

FLOYD E. WILDER
Commercial

MARJORIE CHANDLER
Home Economics

FAY A. KINCADE
Art

HELEN ELLIOTT GORDON
English, Dramatics, Spanish

WENDELL GRUBB
Shop, Physical Education, Athletics

RUTH FREEMAN
School Nurse

MALCOLM D. AITKEN
Science, Evening School Principal

ALICE SCHULTZ
French, English

LYLLIS D. LUNDKVIST
Music, Vocal, Piano, and Theory

AMY F. STALFORD
Latin, English

LYLE F. CAMPBELL
Intsrumental Music

LOUISE GUERRIER SCHMIDT
Dean of Girls, English

ALBERTA D. APPLE
Physical Education, Athletics

SOMERVILLE THOMSON
English, Spanish, Algebra,
American History, Glee Club

HOWARD T. WHEELER
History

MARIAN A. WHITE
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History

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Science

CLASSES

LEWIS DUNHAM
Others' Opinion — Not so bad
Hobby — "Her"
Ambition — Dish washer
Fate — Hero

EVELYN WILLIAMS
Others' Opinion — Sedate
Hobby — Collegians
Ambition — Heroine
Fate — Man-Hater

BRITTON GREENOUGH
Others' Opinion — Cute
Hobby — Ford coupe
Ambition — Selling gasoline
Fate — Artist

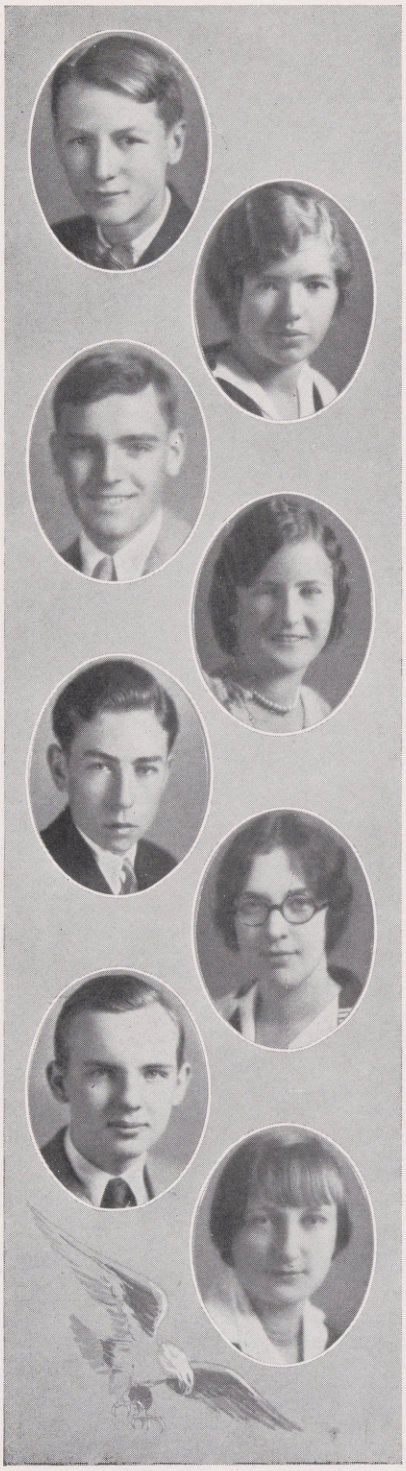
EVELYN CLARK
Others' Opinion — Oh! So! So!
Hobby — Auburns
Ambition — A Swede
Fate — Typical Old Maid

HERBERT MOORE
Others' Opinion — Persuasive
Hobby — Smiling
Ambition — The whole cheese
Fate — Orator

DORIS DE CURTONI
Hobby — Fires
Ambition — Going out with?
Fate — Plumberette
Others' Opinion — Shiekess

KEITH KUNZE
Others' Opinion — Pretty boy
Hobby — Peggy
Ambition — Politician
Fate — Gov. Young's successor

IOLANDE SCIARINI
Others' Opinion — Determined
Hobby — Double Bass Manipulating
Ambition — Toe Dancer
Fate — First Lad of the Land



JACK OLNEY
Others' Opinion ..... Ooooh!
Hobby ..... Hmmm!?
Ambition ..... Err???
Fate ..... Ah!!!!

ELDA FREDERICKSON
Others' Opinion ..... Shrimp
Hobby ..... Talking
Ambition ..... Six foot
Fate ..... Ivory hitter

MILLIE MARCELLA
Others' Opinion ..... Little
Hobby ..... Math
Ambition ..... Bolshevist
Fate ..... College Prof

NELLIE JANOVICH
Others' Opinion ..... Energetic
Hobby ..... Lecturing
Ambition ..... Gym teacher
Fate ..... Saleslady

DONALD McCORMACK
Others' Opinion ..... Ambitious
Hobby ..... Sophs
Ambition ..... Speed Cop
Fate ..... Racer

FRANCES SHERMAN
Others' Opinion ..... Fine
Hobby ..... Opinions
Ambition ..... Nurse
Fate ..... Suffragette

RICHARD GLYER
Others' Opinion ..... Can't help it
Hobby ..... Acting funny
Ambition ..... Lon Chaney II
Fate ..... Follows father

SHIRLEY HUFF
Others' Opinion ..... Serious
Hobby ..... Airplanes
Ambition ..... Stenog
Fate ..... Business woman

DOYCE PEASE
Others' Opinion — Contented
Hobby — English (?)
Ambition — Carpenter
Fate — Coach

MAE CARSON
Others' Opinion — Shy
Hobby — Cooking
Ambition — Trained Nurse
Fate — Red Hot Mamma

EUGENE IRVINE
Others' Opinion — Hot (?)
Hobby — Queening
Ambition — Paul Whiteman II
Fate — Doctor of Philosophy

ENES CONTI
Others' Opinion — All right
Hobby — Writing stories
Ambition — Dressmaker
Fate — Flapper

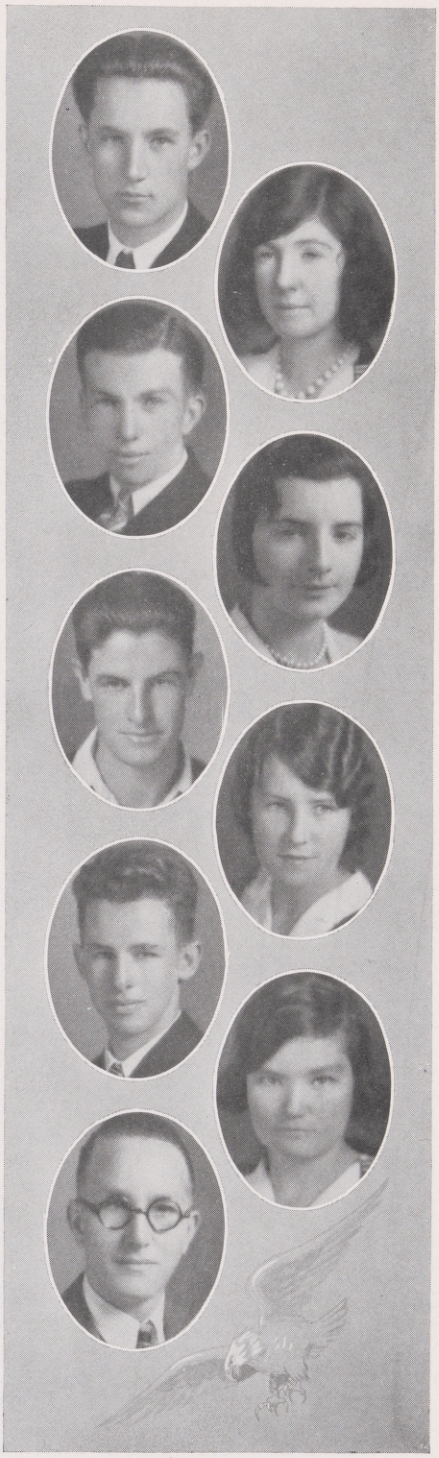
STEPHEN CARKEEK
Others' Opinion — Good Kid
Hobby — Harmonicas
Ambition — Banjo Tickler
Fate — Pen Pusher

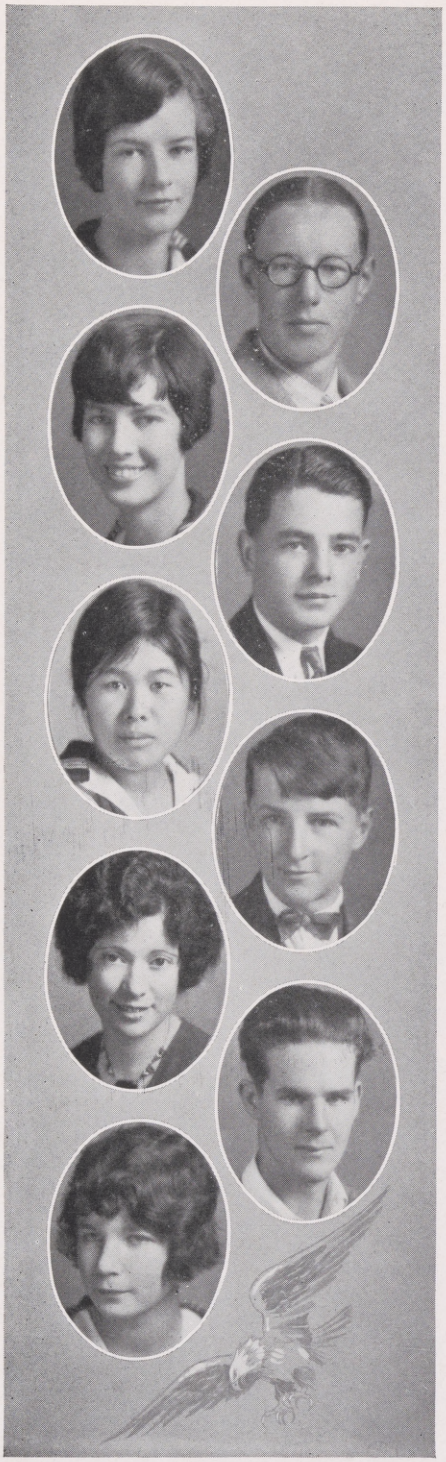
ELLEN BECK
Others' Opinion — Capable
Hobby — Tennis
Ambition — Helen Wills II
Fate — Broadway

OWENS MINTON
Others' Opinion — Doesn't know any better
Hobby — Under Classmen
Ambition — Violinist
Fate — Wall street

GLADYS CARROL
Other's Opinion — Modest
Hobby — Going with Mae
Ambition — Nursemaid
Fate — Biltmore's chief cook

THEODORE JONES
Others' Opinion — Thinker
Hobby — Making excuses
Ambition — Doctor
Fate — Veterinary





MARGARET CASTLE
Others' Opinion — Pretty
Hobby — Giggling
Ambition — Farmer's wife
Fate — Follies

ROBERT PFLEGER
Others' Opinion — Fast (?)
Hobby — Saxaphonies
Ambition — Musician
Fate — Golf Champion

HELEN LANGLEY
Others' Opinion — Good arguer
Hobby — Tickets
Ambition — Society queen
Fate — Woman of Affairs

WILLIAM LAUGHLIN
Others' Opinion — Good-looking
Hobby — Another girl
Ambition — Jazz king
Fate — Globe-trotter

TAYEKO KIYOMURA
Others Opinion — Optimistic
Hobby — Being absent
Ambition — Pacifist
Fate — School marm

DANA OLNEY
Others' Opinion — Quite clever
Hobby — Showing off
Ambition — Ladies' man
Fate — Ambassador to China

ALMA WHITE
Others' Opinion — Hmmm!
Hobby — Primping
Ambition — Somebody's Secretary
Fate — Confidential Secretary!

LLOYD EDWARDS
Others' Opinion — Quiet
Hobby — Books
Ambition — Valentino II
Fate — Rockefeller's heir

ELIZABETH LESLIE
Others' Opinion — Studious
Hobby — Asking Questions
Ambition — Writer
Fate — Elocutionist

MARVIN SARTAIN
Others' Opinion — Worker
Hobby — Driving to Los Altos
Ambition — Librarian
Fate — Auto Mechanic

CORA RADISICH
Others' Opinion — Good Girl
Hobby — We wonder!
Ambition — Galli Curci II
Fate — KQW Singer

CHARLES DE CURTONI
Others' Opinion — Handsome
Hobby — Los Altos
Ambition — A Blonde
Fate — Delivery boy

EULAH LAMPHEAR
Others' Opinion — Worried
Hobby — Problems
Ambition — Math teacher
Fate — Euclid II

RICHARD MASTIN
Others' Opinion — Easily excited (?)
Hobby — Drumming
Ambition — Automobile manufacturer
Fate — Revolutionist

IRMA PERRY
Others Opinion — Nice
Hobby — Crutches
Ambition — Farmerette
Fate — Beauty Specialist

WILLIAM CROWLEY
Others' Opinion — Happy-go-lucky
Hobby — Girls (?)
Ambition — Chauffeur
Fate — Dairyman

ANTOINETTE KAMERSCHEN
Others' Opinion — "Wonderful"
Hobby — Stanford
Ambition — Actress
Fate — Spinster

JOHN THUESEN
Others' Opinion — Educated
Hobby — Boats (1) Wheeled (2) Masted
Ambition — Captain
Fate — 2nd Deck Swabber

THREE years of striving: what has it brought us? Oh, yes, we are about to start our fourth and last year of high school, the year that has been our goal. One which you would were past, then one that you would again like to live through if only for a single day; yes, the Senior year.

The social events of the year were started with the Junior-Senior barn dance. It was a most enjoyable entertainment. The gym was decorated so that it certainly looked in all respects like a regular barn.

The Junior Carnival, which was also held in the gym turned out to be a big success. A special show "The Murder of Marat," given by Mr. Wheeler's Advisory held its audience in suspense during its entire performance. With Ray Potts, Commander-in-Chief, of the entire Carnival, it just couldn't go wrong.

The Junior-Senior picnic produced fun and good-feeling for everyone.

With our total enrollment of seventy-five students it was very possible for us to contribute to the school athletic teams. The major part of the football, basketball, baseball, and track teams were composed of Juniors. These fellows will certainly supply fine material for the teams of next year.

At this time we wish to thank our class advisors, Miss Shultz, Mr. Wilder, Mrs. Gordon and Mr. Grubb for their fine work in coaching us through the school year.

WE SOPHOMORES have taken an active part in the various school activities this year. We have four or five members on the squad of each sport. On the Scholarship Society we have the largest number of members. We have greatest number of students taking music.

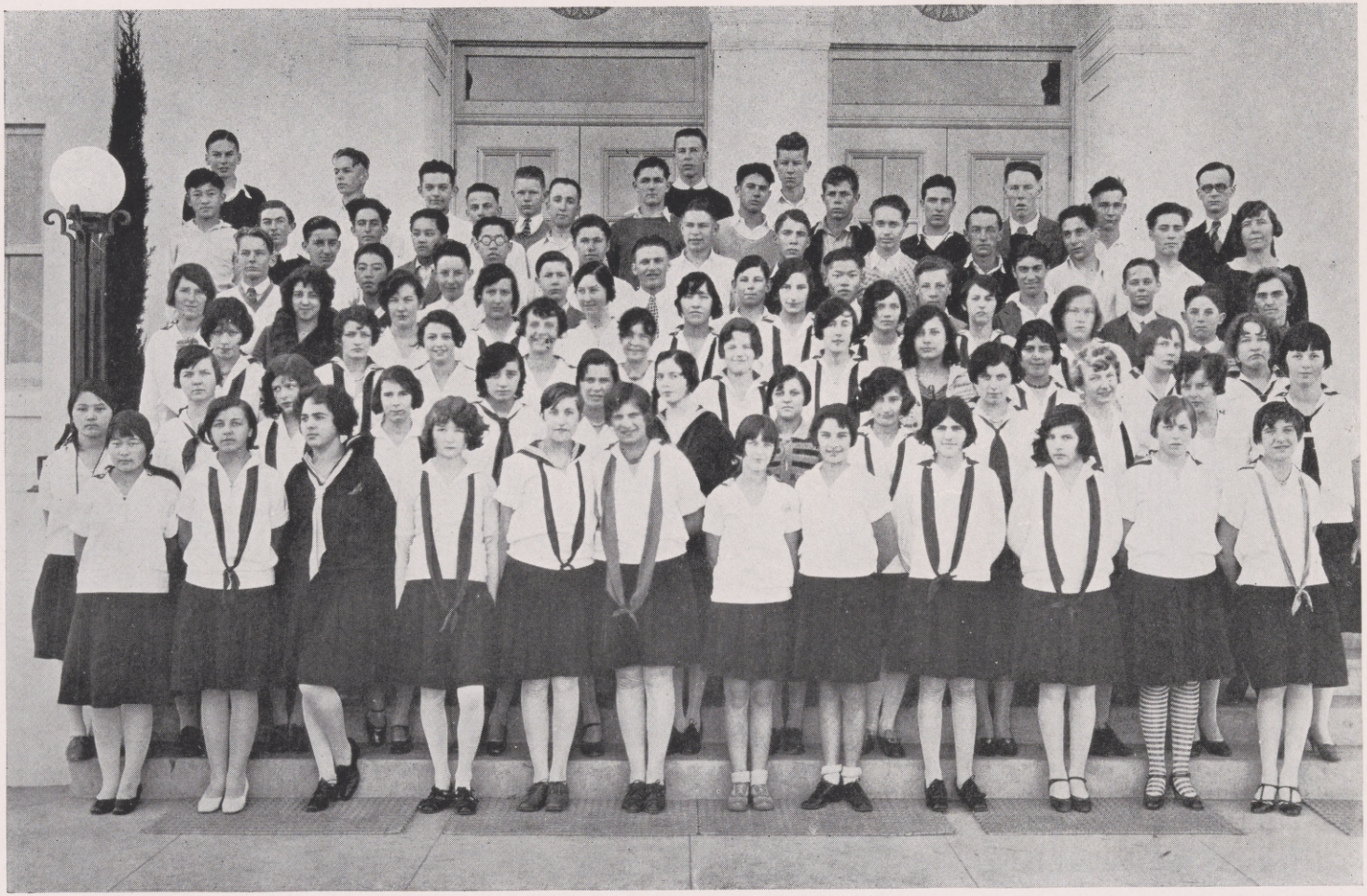
We gave the Freshmen an initiation party which turned out to be a dance, and we are now planning a class picnic.

In Memoriam to Jean Bissonette

The old must sit aweeping
With tears from a sightless eye,
The old must live on ever,
And only the young may die.
When one we knew has left us
Don't ever breathe a sigh;
Of course, I know you'll sorrow,
But only the lucky die.

Who knows what art or science
Still slumbers undisturbed?
Who knows what mighty river
The dead youth might have curbed?
Who knows?—but why repeat it,
Or let my fancy fly?
For only the young and lucky
Are given leave to die.

Our Jean's departed from us;
He did just as God willed—
Though his child dreams were half-blossomed
And those dreams were unfulfilled.
When time comes for our going
From this world of loves and hates,
Jean will be waiting for us
Right there by Heaven's gates.

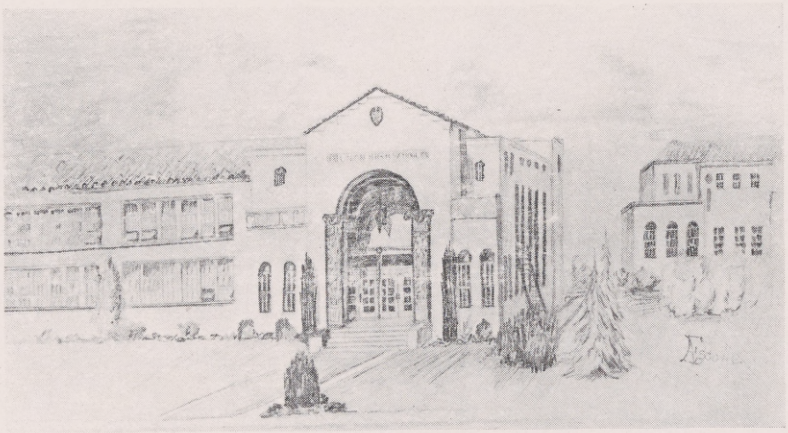


WHEN we came to Mountain View Hi last September, we Frosh merited the usual appellation "pretty green," but after nearly a year of high school life we are really showing promise of emerging from the embryo and soaring off on the colorful wings of Sophomore, Junior, and Senior life.

We organized at the beginning of the year with the following officers: Jean Cardoza, President; Grace Suiter, Vice President; Patricia Crowell, Secretary-Treasurer and Allen Baxter, Student Body Representative.

We have representatives in the orchestra and band and on various athletic teams. Ralph Raymond, Billy Vorath and Rudolph Clay have won block letters.

As we are nearing the end of our first year at Mountain View we feel that we have become an integral part of the unit of school life and down to our last member, keenly feel our duty in living up to the highest aims and ideals of Our School.



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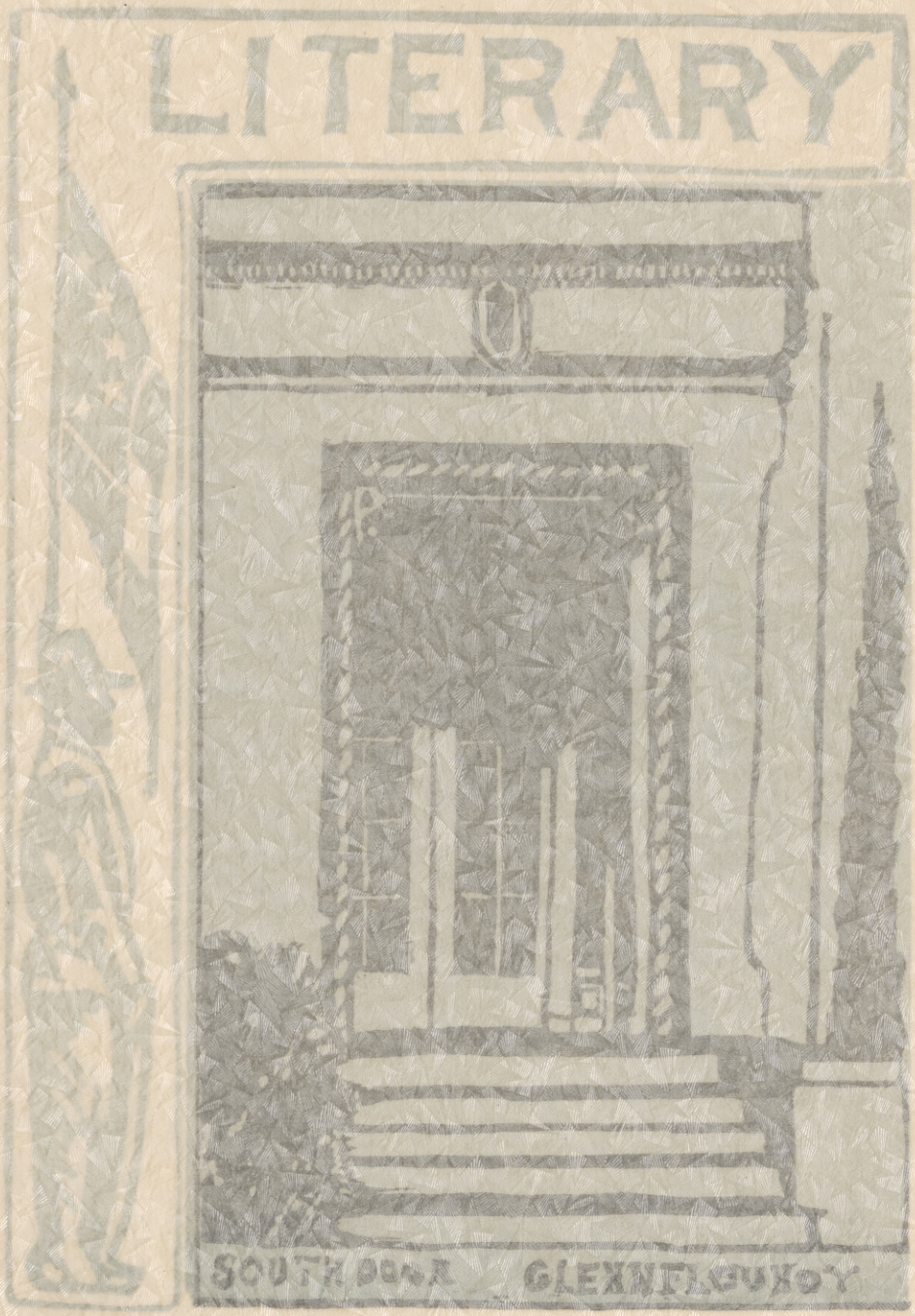

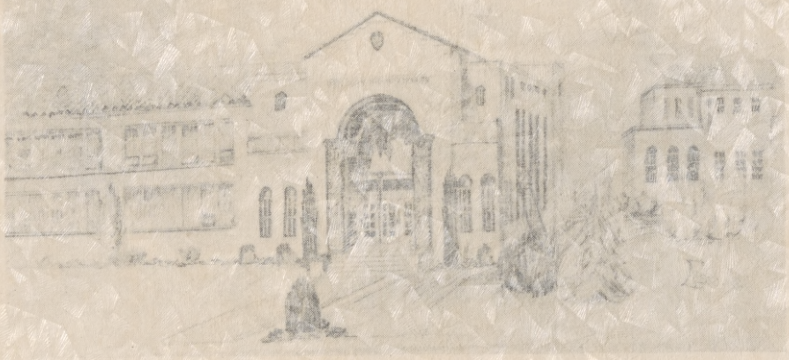

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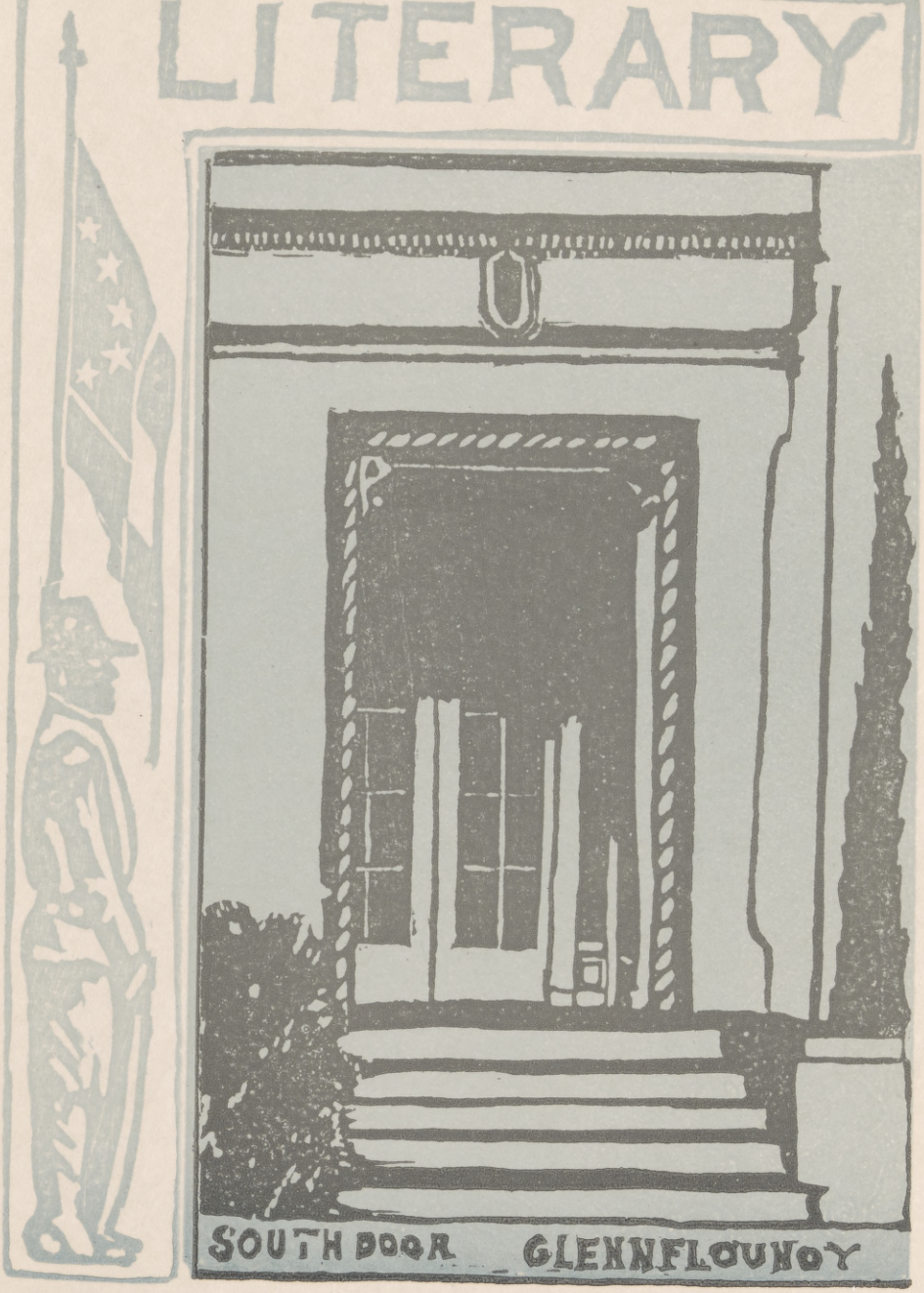

SOUTH DOOR GLENN FLOUNOY

Senior Will

WE, THE CLASS OF 1929, of the Mountain View Union High School, of the State of California, being of sound mind and body, and not acting under any fraud, malice, or undue influence, do make, publish, and declare this our last Will and Testament.

First, we bequeath to the Faculty all our grades received in the Senior Certificate tests with hopes that they will be an inspiration to the school for years to come.

Second, we bequeath to the Student Body all the monuments of leadership of the splendid work done by the leaders of the world.

Third, we as individuals, bequeath to various members of the Student Body the following:

I, Nellie Janovich, do will my wavy hair to Leona Stone.

I, Elda Frederickson, do will my ambition to be six (6) feet tall to Jane Riccomi.

I, Evelyn Williams, do will my excessive avoirdupois to Nick Janovich.

I, Herbert Moore, do will my Dodge to Bill Barnes in order that he may go to Sunnyvale

I, Alma White, do will my naughty eyes to Pete Jelavich.

I, Lewis Dunham, do will my nicknames of *"Wobbles," "Mona," "Frost," "Co-Ed,"* and *Rosy Bumps Jr.*, to Bill Bratt.

I, Robert Pfleger, do will my "sax and my concerts" in Bus. No. 2 to Mr. Campbell.

I, Will Laughlin, do will my "line" with the women to Ed Pearson and my "Baby Talk," (Edna O'Keefe of KFRC) to Erma Schroeder.

I, Eugene Irvine, do will my acquired name of *"Horse Face"* to Pete Lusich and my ability to dance to Philip Chamberlin.

I, John Thuesen, do will my former office of advertising manager to Ray Fellows and my knowledge of "Hamberg" to Walt Milovina.

I, Ann Kamerschen, do will my long hair to Stella Jelavich.

I, Keith Kunze, do will my "drag" with the women to Bill Forbes.

I, Owens Minton, do will my Willys-Knight to George Clark so that he may have another car to work on.

I, Britton Greenough, do will my Ford to Beatrice Taylor so that she may have another Limousine.

I, Steve Carkeek, do will my position in the Barbarian Trio to Warren Moore.

I, Marvin Sartain, do will my sylph-like form to Edward Bewley.

I, Charles de Curtoni, do will my luck with the girlies to Edward Neuroth.

I, Millie Marcella, do will my quiet ways to Pete Laznibat.

I, Richard Mastin, do will my efficiency as a mechanic to Rudolph Konig.

I, Gladys Carroll, do will my demure manners to Wilson Lamphear.

I, Mae Carson, do will my red hair to Mary Anway.

I, Margaret Castle, do will the care of "Petie" to Merle Redington.

I, Evelyn Clark, do will my seat in "that certain Auburn" to my younger sister, "Kewpie."

I, Irma Perry, do will my crutches to Bill Beatte.

I, Donald McCormack, do will my drag with the faculty to Orrin Howell.

I, Cora Radisich, do will my dramatic ability to Merrit McMahon.

I, William Crowley, do will my leather coat to Bill Vorath.

I, Enes Conti, do will my shorthand records to Tom Marshall.

I, Elizabeth Leslie, do will my ability to ask dumb questions to Warren Wallace.

I, Iolande Sciarini, do will my ability to do Physics to Harle Bissonette.

I, Shirley Huff, do will my skill as a typist to Attiglio Manfredi.

I, Lloyd Edwards, do will my Chevie to Alton Spinks.

I, Doyce Pease, do will my ability to write notes to Winifred Budd.

I, Ellen Beck, do will my ability to rise early in order to play tennis to Edith Edwards.

I, Tayeko Kiyomura, do will my ability at sports to Vivian Granstedt.

I, Doris de Curtoni, do will my short socks to Doris Vogel.

I, Frances Sherman, do will my ability to translate French to Jack Chappell.

I, Dana Olney, do will my honor of escorting Ann K. to and from school to Dick Glyer.

I, Helen Langley, do will my "get together ability" to E. Ellsworth.

I, Jack Olney, do will to Woodrow Watkins my power to talk for hours without stopping.

I, Eulah Lamphear, do will my organization knack to Phyllis Smith.

I, Theodore Jones, do will my flaxen hair to Adele Escole.

Witness:
GETA DE VORSE

Signed:
JACK OLNEY.

NIGHT'S JEWELS

By JUNE GLENN

Star pearls sewn on her velvet gown,
  Jewels wound in the locks of Night,
She wears a pearl-encrusted crown
  That makes the Earth seem cold and bright.
Night, the greatest Queen of all,
  Open wide her jewel case—
Flings the pearls until they fall
  Right into the Earth's poor face.

Prophecy

WELL, it is just fifteen years since the class of '29 graduated from the Mountain View High School. It is a great thrill for me to be over here at Professor Aitken's house ready to take a good long look through his prophecy machine, which he recently invented. For the reader's benefit; what ever is seen through this machine is the happenings in the lines of the different classmates whom I shall chance to bring to memory.

Now for my first look. Why, there is Doyce Pease, hard at work wtih his new invention, by which he expects to send radio messages to Mars and also "one hour" transportation facilities with the earth. He must have learned that from "Popular Mechanics."

Now look who is here, Miss Ellen Beck, private secretary for Dr. Greenough, who is now a noted physician in Milpitas. While gazing on the two classmates I heard them talking about Bob Pfleger. Poor Bob,—they say he had just swallowed a reed from his famous saxophone and was rushed to a hospital where Miss Gladys Carroll and Miss Mae Carson were attending.

Ah-ha—here is Miss Margaret Castle and Miss Alma White, they are just about to appear for their performance; of course they are noted actresses now. And, what is that I hear Margaret say? She is just telling Alma of her engagement to Keith Kunze, now a famed political boss of Alviso—I always thought Keith would fall hard!

And now what do I see. John Thuesen of course—Captain of a rum-chaser—eh—why there is Steve Carkeek, first mate. I wonder if they do much raiding now-a-days. Say! it looks as if they are chasing someone. And if it isn't "Wild Bill" Crowley and "Two Gun" Sartain. It looks like Captain Thuesen has overtaken the rum-runner piloted by Crowley and Sartain. Now Crowley is telling Thuesen and First-mate Carkeek all about it. He first declares that he is innocent, but Capt. Thuesen soon found out that the shipment of goods were for Mr. Mastin, Man-about-town, who is anixously awaiting arrival of his highly prized "Scotch!"

And here is Mr. William Laughlin, principal of the Mountain View High School. It looks like there are only girls in the school by the flock that is hanging around Bill, but I guess it is only his noted magnetism for the female sex. And who is this? Iolande Scarini, Latin teacher, and Eulah Lamphear, gosh she looks like a pin-cushion —I guess she acquired that from being sewing teacher. And if it isn't Charles de Curtoni, professor of English—they say Mr. de Curtoni is running for dean of girls—and going strong.

Well, look who is here—Millie Marcella and Jack Olney—Jack is talking as usual. Now I see! Millie is running on the Communistic ticket for president of the United States, and Jack is his most loyal backer. I guess we ought to feel sure of our next president, since Jack is making the speeches.

Why, sure enough, there is Miss Elda Frederickson, poring over some important work, and, to be sure, her desk is labeled, Pres. Phi-Beta-Kappa. There is another familiar face in this room, Miss Shirley Huff, her private secretary.

Irma Perry and Francis Sherman—a couple of physicians—eh—well I wish they would start in working on Jack Olney—they ought to be able to cut down his "incessant gab" to normal.

Look who is here, Eugene Irvine, directing manager of the Irvine Iron Works at Sunnyvale. And that's Enes Conti in his office. Ah-ha, she of course, is his private stenog.—It may be all right, but Eugene wants to be careful of these private stenogs —you know how it is.

Miss Helen Langley eh—, I see she still has her girlish figure, which she used to prize so highly. I wonder if Helen is still working for the New Mountain View Theatre. I remember the times I used to get in for nothing when Doyce Pease took me (of course Doyce is the one that had the "drag"). Guess that is all over now— Such is life.

Now what do I see?—What an elaborate opera house;I wonder who I will meet here?—The curtains rise and who should appear but Miss Kiyomura and Miss Funabiki, and beleive me that's classical dancing—a good full house too.

Well, well, well, there is Dr. Richard Glyer in front of my eyes. But what are all those animals doing in his back yard? He surely isn't a zoologist—I'll be hanged, his sign reads—Veterinary—Horse Doctor—etc. Some people get the worst breaks.

Ah, my old friend Lew Dunham—gosh, but he looks young. I guess he is still using that beauty cream. Why there is his wife beside him. It's Evelyn Clark of course. Oh, I ought to have known. And there is Don McCormack. He is saying something about Mr. Dunham's speedway. Now I see; Lewis is the owner of the World's largest and best Auto Track, located at Dayton Beach. Mack of course is his chief manager. And here is Owens Minton and Doris de Curtoni. What could they be doing out here dressed like that I'll be hanged if they aren't great speed demons. Owens just spoke about how Doris won the race for women, placing her as the world's fastest woman driver now. She attained a speed of 512 miles per hour and received $1,000,000 for the feat. Owens, it was stated, proposed to Doris immediately after she received the money; he is also a great speed demon and expects to overthrow the present world's record of 785 miles an hour in his next race. I guess that old Willys-Knight and Star were good starters for these two.

I forgot to mention that, in this last scene, Miss Elizabeth Leslie was also present. Miss Leslie has just completed her first great successful scenario, "The Burning Kiss," and it was stated that Miss Cora Radisich would be starring. Cora, I learn, is one of the leading stars of the Janovich circuit and expects to make a great hit. Who on earth would believe that Elizabeth would ever write such a "Hot" love story? But, I guess it must be right as it was part of the conversation between Mr. Minton and Miss de Curtoni. (It must be pretty hot all right.)

Of course I must see what has happened to Mr. Dana Olney. There he is, but what could he be doing in that outlay. A funeral procession I guess, poor Dana. But wait! Oh, why do I have to be so dumb; there is Miss Ann Kamerschen sitting by him, and, if you should ask me, its nothing but one of those things you call a "Wedding." But say! There's another couple in the next car. And believe me it's no one else but Mr. Theodore Jones and Miss Evelyn Williams, (perhaps I should say formerly) of course they are married now,—and *expect* to live happily. Ain't life grand?

Good gosh! Mr. Aitken! Mr. Aitken! Come quick! I am so sorry, I have broken your machine—etc., etc.

Senior Chronicle

As we look back o'er high school years,
And glimpse each happy day,
Our four long years of high school life
Seem but a Four-Act Play!

I

The curtain rises to display our freshmen frets and cares,
But they do not deter us from a place in most affairs.
Our Thespians appear in Glee and Operetta cast,
And in athletic line-ups, ne'er doth our men rank the last.
The able lead in this first act is played by Evelyn Clark,
Who leads us till the curtain falls upon one glorious lark!

II

As Sophomores, in the next act, we've sobered down a bit:
We take our task more seriously and show a pride in it.
We "buckle down" to studying, and yet have time for play.
We lusty Sophs outranked them all at work on Clean-up Day.
At Santa Cruz, we Sophomores, our yearly picnic held,
And this event now ends the act where Moore, as lead, excelled.

III

The Junior-Senior dance begins our third and Junior Act.
'A dandy time was had by all'; believe me, that's a fact!
But now there comes, of all events, the biggest and the best,—
The festive Junior Carnival, the night of fun and jest.
And all the rest of the full year is filled with things to do.
John Thuesen's is the name that heads our third act's leading cast,
Who leads us till the curtain falls to rise upon the last.

IV

A Junior-Senior dance begins the year of all the rest,
That, under Dunham's leadership, is proving quite the best.
Then we return the compliment, and give a dance to all.
(The huge success of that event you surely must recall!)
Now through the future's veil we see the last days of our play,—
A round of work that's mixed with fun, and last,—Commencement Day!

THE LADY AND THE MOUSE

By CONSTANCE KUNZE

Ladie Isobele, moste faire and blushinge,
A large graye mousee did espie,
"Ah mee," cried the faire Isobele
"More mousee traps wee surelye muste buye."

Shee climbed highe up on the chaise lounge.
And pulled her skirts around tighte.
"Oh," she cried as shee reachede for a weapon,
"This wille bee a moste bloodie fight."

"I wishe thate I might have assistance."
Saide shee as shee glarede at her foe.
"But alle thee reste of thee castle,
To thee footeballe game did goe."

"And I ame lefte here alone
To fighte withe thee enimee
Ah! thate some gallante knight
Coulde my predicamente see!"

Shee branyshede dangerously thee flyswatter
Thate shee helde so tight in her hande.
And she drewe herselfe upe bravely
As she surveied thee laye of thee lande.

Suddenlye upon thee horisone
A cloude of duste shee did see
"Ah!" shee sighed with evidente reliefe,
"I see a New Forde o'er the lea!"

There behind thee steeringe wheele
Wythe a grimme looke on hise face,
Satte Isabel's gallante hero
Coming atte a terriffic pace.

Down from thee chaise lounge shee jumped
And into hise armes shee flewe.
"Ah," shee cried, "if you hade not arrived
I'd have been in a terrible stewe!"

Out came thise heroes' pockete nife
To slay thee awfull mouse
He ran it hilt deep in his body clear
And blood wase all o're the house.

And now thise rhyme is ended
So lette thee moral bee
Always bee sure to holde your own
Against thee enimee.

ALUMNI

CLASS OF 1928

Horace Laughlin	Working	San Francisco
Kenneth Vincent	Working	Mountain View
MacKenzie Cantin	Stanford	Palo Alto
Vincent Darrah	Working	Mountain View
Roy Tsuruda	Working	Mountain View
Itsume Kawamoto	Working	Mountain View
Jack Kawamoto	Working	Mountain View
Doris Awalt	Working	Mountain View
Perry McPheeters	Polytechnic School	San Luis Obispo
John Laznibat	San Jose State	San Jose
Ernest Moore	At Home	Mountain View
Philip Scilla	At Home	Mountain View
Donald Bellew	Working	Mountain View
Herbert Hart	San Jose State	San Jose
Herbert Spencer	Working	Mountain View
Bud Mockbee	Working	Mountain View
Frank Matienzo	San Jose State	San Jose
Herbert Childs	San Jose State	San Jose
Alice Carey	Nurses' School	San Francisco
Melvin McIntyre	College	Redding
Wallace Sohler	Working	Mountain View
William Kopp	Working	Santa Clara
Claire Jelavich	San Jose State	San Jose
Jean Levin	U. C.	Berkeley
Clark Ellsworth	Working	Oakland
Alfred Fanucci	Working	Mountain View
Mary Ruth Burrows	Shriner's Hospital	San Francisco
Virginia Camp	Mills College	Berkeley
Rita Ralston	Working	Mountain View
Doris Bennetts	St. Luke's Hospital	San Francisco
Theresa Knapp	San Jose State	San Jose
Genevieve Hayes	Working	Southern California
Harry Loomis	Polytechnic School	San Luis Obispo
Evelyn Neilsen	College	Arizona
Tom Straub	San Jose State	San Jose
Royal Pfleger	Working	Pleasanton
Wilfred Parnow	Working	Mountain View
Carl Sirvain	At Home	Oregon
Helen Civelli	Junior College	San Mateo
Mildred Newby	Living at	Stockton
Eleanor Howell	San Jose State	San Jose

CLASS OF 1927

Claire Dale	San Jose State	San Jose
Dante Berta	Working	Mountain View
Verna Frederickson	San Jose State	San Jose

Leon Scharman	Working	San Francisco
Dolores Collett	San Jose State	San Jose
Nolan Rachford	Stanford	Palo Alto
William Rice	Living at	Rainbow Lake
Patricia Awalt	Working	Mountain View
Fred Chappell	Working	Mountain View
Helen Norman	U. C. Nurses' School	San Francisco
Donald Pihl	San Jose State	San Jose
Frances Trimble	Working	Mountain View
Robert Awalt	San Jose State	San Jose
Milton Potter	Working	San Francisco
Edna Pell	Working	Mountain View
Iva Jelavich	Nurses' School	San Jose
Robert Brinton	San Jose State	San Jose
Chester Maccono	San Jose State	San Jose
Douglas Chick	San Jose State	San Jose
Ruth Lowmiller	Working	Mountain View
Jack Burke	San Jose State	San Jose
Edwina Mead	Working	San Francisco
Celeste Jorgensen	Working	San Francisco
Lawrence Anderson	San Jose State	San Jose
Muriel Clark	San Jose State	San Jose
Ted Henderson	San Jose State	San Jose
Phyllis Wohleheter	San Jose State	San Jose
Edison French	San Jose State	San Jose
Marian Spaan	Pomona College	Pomona
Roy Abbey	Working	Santa Barbara
Alice Manlove	San Jose State	San Jose
James Bakotich	Working	San Francisco
Grace O'Dell	At Home	Mountain View
Camilla Swete	At Home	Los Altos
Henry Kiyomura	U. C.	Berkeley
Ted Beardslee	Working	Ventura
John Razzari	Working	Mountain View

CLASS OF 1926

Vera Dean	Working	Mountain View
Mike Radisich	Working	Mountain View
Ruth Hollingsworth	Married	Mountain View
Dorothy Theuerkauf	San Jose State	San Jose
Louis Beck	Married	Mountain View
Margaret McCall	Married	Mountain View
Ruth Browne	Dancing Company	Traveling
Ritchie Lovejoy	Working	San Francisco
Fred Strong	San Jose State	San Jose
Pearl Foster	Married	
Fannie Sutfin	San Jose State	San Jose
Frank Holden	Working	San Jose
Arthur Moore	Working	Mountain View
Wilfred Moore	Working	Mountain View
Ruth Pell	Working	Mountain View
Doris Moore	Married	Los Altos
Beatrice Mason	Married	
George MacDonald	Santa Clara University	Santa Clara
Harold Chandler	Santa Clara University	Santa Clara
George Armanini	U. S. C.	Los Angeles
Evald Lindholm	Working	Mountain View

Uselessness of Modern Man

By Beatrice Taylor

THE MODERN MAN is a positive burden. This does not include all men, for all men are not "Modern." These latter, however, will soon, in a decade or two, outlive their usefulness, the little bit they have, also.

The Modern Man is perhaps useful in one or two undisputed activities, such as being garbage man, or a fireman, but I hope in a few years there will be garbage women, etc. The most useful occupation the Man has is being a decoration, but more often than not he is just a caricature in this of what his forefathers were. He is useful, too, in eating, and drinking, and dirtying rooms, clothes, etc., for the poor washerwoman to clean. But be not of faint heart, oh Washerwoman, for I expect you, like every "doggie," will have your day when the once proud name of Man will have been trampled in the dust!

Man formerly had two great vocations awaiting him; one to marry a girl and then support her, the other to protect her. The woman is as able, if not more so, to support herself and husband as the Man ever was. To her are open executive positions in good firms; saleswomen are in great demand; doctors and nurses are now mostly women; writers and novelists are women mostly, too. If in less than two decades women have made this great stride, what do they hope for in another two decades?

Protection! Does the Modern Woman need protection, least of all by men? Why she can give men lessons in boxing and shooting, herself!

As the Modern Woman steps forward, the Modern Man goes back two steps. Look at all the great men. Are they modern? Nay,—but men of the old school. The young men who are up in the world of business are not Modern by any means.

Both physically and mentally the Modern Man is defective. Where his forefathers smoked a huge pipe, he smokes an Old Gold to relieve his cough! His forefathers fought Indians, snow blizzards, and other hard, biting things; he fights the flu and delirium tremens.

Where are the men with horny hands and huge whiskers, not to mention boots, who, from the hard ground wrested a living? The men who rose from the bottom of the ladder to the top, minus education and ettiquette? Gone! Gone forever! Now the Modern Man uses "pull" rather than his wits or hands to get to the top, and then usually goes back, rather than forward. The men who would fight, at the drop of a hat, a losing battle; who fought straight and hard a losing battle, and won; the Grand Men of the Past, are a thing of the Past!

An Elevator's Life

By Evelyn Clark

OH! the life of an elevator is full of ups and downs. We elevators work all of the day, and part of the night, and what thanks do we get for it? None,—except mumbled queries of, "Why in the name of something or other doesn't this thing move faster?" That's what I never could understand. Why are some people in such a hurry? You take, for instance, that short fat man with the rosy cheeks, the one who always has a cigar in his mouth, and a grouchy look on his face. Every morning, he comes puffing in about five minutes after nine, fretting and fuming because the train was so late, and the elevator is so slow. He fidgets around as though he can't wait to be off. I wonder if he's always that way even in other matters? I never see him at night, because he goes down on my brother, No. 4.

That's another thing about being an elevator. There are six of our family right in this building, side by side, yet we never see each other in the day time long enough to gossip. We pass each other hundreds of times each day with just a "hello." The only time we get to gossip and tell the news is at night, when those fussy, hurrying, two-legged creatures are asleep. Then we talk 'till the wee small hours, and this makes us always sleepy and tired. That's why we are so slow in the daytime. What do we talk about? All the strange happenings of the day before, of yesterday, etc. My brother, No. 5, told of an amusing incident of yesterday. He was taking four fussy women up to the 8th floor, when all of a sudden he became so sleepy and tired, (we get that way sometimes) that he stopped right between the 6th and 7th floors, and took a nice long nap. He slept right through those women's scoldings. After two hours of blissful sleep, someone prodded him exceedingly hard, and he awoke so quickly that he just shot up to the 12th floor at top speed. Those women screamed at the top of their voices all the way up. They grabbed one another and just about said their prayers. Were they exasperated? You have no idea! They got out on the 12th floor and walked back to the 8th. They wouldn't go back on an elevator for anything. They would sooner have gone down the fire escape or a parachute.

Sometimes perfumed ladies come up with us. The kind that say "Odeah," and "You cawn't," and "Just imagine my Deah."

There goes the noon-day chimes. Now for a mad useless rush.

Ho Hum! Why wasn't I born a laundry chute?

"THE SAGA OF THE FROSH"

By RAY ALFORD

Alone—at the Soph'mores' mercy
The entering Freshman stands;
The Frosh, a skinny boy is he,
With freckled, useless hands;
And the muscles of his puny arms
Are strong as rubber bands.

His hair is cowlicked, short, uncombed,
His corduroys are new;
He stands in aweful dread of what
The Sophomores will do,
He's doomed—the foes are many,
And his friends are mighty few.

Day in, day out, from morn' till night,
For about a week or so,
This fragile little creature won't
Be sure of where to go.
And gradually he'll find that there
Is much he doesn't know.

At last, when he goes home from school
He tells his mother all—
Just what the upperclassmen say
When he goes down the hall,
And now he knows they'll kick him out
Unless he plays fooball.

Then Sunday comes—and Sunday School;
And there are smaller boys
To whom he tells a lot of bunk
With oratorical voice;
About the studies, books, and teams—
And High School's many joys.

And thus his Frosh year passes,
And he does bolder grow.
And with the second year he'll be
A Sophomore, you know,
He's ready for the Freshman crowd—
By gosh, he'll lay 'em low!

The Sierras and I

By Dana Olney

A TRIP, to me, into the high Sierras where there is always quiet and a sort of a God-like grandeur is a most impressive experience. If I keep my eyes open when visiting these mountains, I see the beauty and simplicity of nature as it is laid out by God. In everything in these mountains I can find beauty if I am looking for it earnestly. If I look at the trees, I see them in a grace not found elsewhere. Their boughs are curved towards the sky in symmetrical lines with their outlines pierced here and there by patches of the deep blue sky. Their trunks, old and knotted, seem to be full of wisdom, and they impress me with their magnitude and lofty bearing.

The earth is always refreshing to walk on, in direct contrast to the city sidewalks. Here and there, imbedded in the ground, are groups of rocks having infinitely various shapes and colors. Where the trees stand, the ground is soft and loamy, from being mixed so long with the leaves and twigs fallen upon it.

I can spend days looking at the many different kinds of bushes. These bushes, countless in number, fill out the soft outlines of the earth that are so pleasing to the eye. The bushes are of many tones and are full of life. Although they cannot act as human beings, yet when I watch them, I see human life in their movements. The dainty little shrubs are of the greenest and freshest color possible, and are covered with beautiful flowers of different sizes and shapes. As they gently sway in the breeze, they seem to whisper to one another.

Over all this is spread the glorious canopy of the rich blue sky. It seems to lend color to the flowers and trees, and in it, outlined in bold relief are the trees, and behind them, the summits of the mountains. Some days I may notice little white clouds lazily floating over its broad expanse, that make me wish that I, too, could float around. All these wonders are not noticed in the first few glances; it takes days to glean the beauty out of them.

After I have lived out in these wilds, I learn how to approach the animals and insects in such a way that I do not scare them. They are a bit timid, and hide from me at first, but on seeing that I do not wish to harm them, they go on with their work, and do not pay any attention to me.

The longer I stay in this environment the more I learn about Mother Nature. There is always something to be learned. I can roam about and peek into some one of Nature's hidden glens or brooks. I feel the soft carpet of moss under my feet, and it is very restful. I hear the brook singing a gladsome song as it ripples and flows along. All in all, there would be much to keep me occupied even though I were to spend my whole life there.

To me, this sort of life is ideal. I like to roam about and see the beauties and hear the music which Nature has to offer. It is glorious to spend time in the open world where I can learn much aside from that in books. I should like to spend my whole life in this way, because I know Nature, and love it, especially the Nature of the Sierras.

Fashion Bondage

By Steve Carkeek

AT THE DAWN of life our greatest concern is in announcing our desire for food, rather than for raiment. As soon as folks are able to, they commence bundling us up in all sorts of new concoctions in the line of hoods, dresses, bibs, and shoes long before we have any idea of walking. "Did you see that cute little pink silk dress in that window?" remarks a proud young mother as she strolls along with another ditto. "Oh yes," replies mother number two, "But I'm going to have a glazed chintz ruffle put on my new light yellow baby buggy." Now what does the poor baby care about pink silk or glazed chintz? His main idea of a good time is to eat, sleep, and make trouble.

But so it goes thru life. After our mothers get thru making idiots of us, we promptly proceed to continue the song. "Mrs. Chahoochapec's daughter had her coming out party last Tuesday. She wore a gown of light blue satin," reads a society notice. Immediately the young Society belles drape themselves in blue satin, be they red heads, blondes, or brunettes.

To show how fashions control the world I recall that about ten years ago I was in the mountains of the Igorate country of the Philippines. High up in the denser less civilized region the natives wear only a gee-string. As you travel further down the mountains, a red cotton shirt is added to the more important personages. Still further on a smattering of straw hats, and now and then a pair of trousers, made of flour sacks, are seen. So it goes until you reach Manila, where most natives wear the white man's clothes. However, there are still some in the poorer sections of Manilla who wear only the shirt and hat. The story is told that when Governor Harrison arrived he requested that all who were in the parade should wear a silk hat. Somehow, one of these poorer natives got hold of a stovepipe, and joined the parade donned in a stovepipe hat and a red shirt.

Fashions! Fashions! Fashions! all around the world. The Japanese kimona, the Chinese queue, the Indian turban, the Turkish fez, the Egyptians' nightshirt clothes, the Dutch wooden shoes, the English monacle and spats, and then to modern America with yard around trousers and so sloppy socks.

It was not always like this in America. Most family albums show gay young gallants in skin-tight trousers, Beau Brummels of their age. The trousers looked a bit unsafe as far as stretching was concerned. The ladies of this age carried a young department store around with them. Often ten to fifteen yards were draped about one small lady. In the golden age of the hoop skirt, the puzzle was to find the wearer.

Of course, each age considers its own fashions the best. So the writer reflects that the modern generation has adopted fashions that conform with health and comfort. We have at a high cost, less goods, and more silks than flannels. The gifts of Nature are more in evidence, and altogether we have a pleasing ensemble of fashions to follow, for follow we must.

The Fascination of San Francisco

By Ray Alford

SAN FRANCISCO fascinates one. It has a charm that is surpassed by few cities and duplicated by none. San Francisco is—well, San Francisco. The people who live in the City by the Golden Gate differ from other people in other cities. The city and its people have an old-world charm which is irresistible.

It gives me much enjoyment to merely walk the streets of San Francisco. The very people, stores, theatres, street-cars, and alley-ways seem thrillingly different. To me the city's chief charm lies in its restaurants. There are more delightful places where one can eat delightful food amid delightful surroundings to the tune of delightful music than in any other city or town I know of—and I am not alone in this opinion. While I have neither the money nor the appetite necessary in order to stop and eat in all the attractive places, at least I can enjoy them in my imagination. I like especially the little French, Italian, or Spanish ones where one must go up or down stairs, preferably from an entrance in an alley. Some people may not enjoy this sort of thing, but I do.

Characters that would put to shame those of Dickens are visible everywhere on the city's sidewalks. There are bootblacks, and hotel doormen, and often, on the less frequented thoroughfares, you will see waiters in white aprons standing in front of Greek restaurants. An Irish policeman talks cheerfully to a Chinese merchant for a moment and across the street a college man, wearing the block letter of his alma mater, hurries by. Three high school girls with textbooks seem rather out of place. Truly, the city is very cosmopolitan. If one wishes to see a certain type, one need only to wait on a busy corner to find him. Sailors smoking cigarettes; an army officer, perhaps; dirty little newsboys who wear next to nothing and seem never to be cold, even in the rawest wind; a chain drug store with that indescribable yet indefinite odor which the swinging doors allow to escape as flappers and gray old men enter and leave; a white bearded old man with a knit muffler about his neck stands motionless, selling papers; those disinterested looking people who sit in hotel windows day after day; the immaculate business man who has put too much powder on after shaving; all these pass and are passed as you walk the busy streets. The late afternoon and early evening with the electric lights coming on in a blaze of glory fittingly close the episode called "Day" in the drama of life, and open that called "Night."

Dusk

By PHILLIP CHAMBERLAIN

BLUE, not light lyrical daylight blue, not the blue that forms "the stuff that dreams are made of," but blue tempered with somberness, matured, not melancholy but merely in an inexplicable way sober. Blue that seems as the trailing robes of day, still present after day itself has gone.

Gold, only a shadowy presence, stealing vaguely in and out in thin threads, like the pattern of a delicate tapestry, like the thin whisp of melody in a Wagnerian orchestration, gold like flax, like maiden's hair, vague, delicate, ethereal, and beautiful.

Green, light hardly tangible, green, a delicate pastel background for the blue, a fairy glimpse of the Beyond, sprinkled in places with stardust, light, gay, symbolical of happiness.

Red, just a thin line of scarlet, the rear guard of departing day, and in its bright suggestion offsetting—

Black, silhouette, paperous against the flaming background; hills, low, rolling; trees, tall, sedate, aloof on what is crimson skyline.

In short—DUSK.

Sunset

By GEORGE SILVA

OF ALL THE BEAUTIES of Nature, the sunset is supreme. Aeons ago, back in the dim past, in the dawn of Mankind, a primitive savage stood and gazed at the sunset. Deep in his mind and soul, there stirred a faint wonder and a dim longing to understand and enjoy the beauty of the dying sun.

Even today, although we can understand, the glory of the dying sun appeals to us. The sun, a crimson ball of fire, sinks slowly toward the dim horizon. The slanting rays touch all objects, transforming them into blazes of golden ruddy light; and even the clouds are tinged with the golden glow. The surfaces of lakes and of the ocean become shimmering sheets of crimson; every wave is a jet of fire; every ripple a blaze of crimson.

The edge of the sun's disk touches the horizon; sinks lower and lower; the golden glory fades and the light becomes less and less. The sun is above the horizon a moment longer and then disappears.

MOUNTAIN VIEW PUBLIC LIBRARY Mountain View, Calif.

A Scene on a Cold Winter Morning

By Evelyn Clark

A SCENE on a cold winter morning is very interesting. (If the observer is comfortable and warm, inside the house.) When I awoke this morning, the outside world looked like the after effects of a snow storm. Everything was white with frost. Looking from the east window, I see a fat man toddling flat-footed along the slippery sidewalk. He is puffing and steaming like a locomotive. Usually, I see him on my way to school, but this morning he is early. He is always early on frosty mornings, if the pavement is wet or slippery, because he is afraid he'll be late to work if he doesn't allow time to recover his equilibrium after he skids. The sun is just starting to rise, and is in the shape of a large red ball. Even it looks cold. I can hear doors banging as workers start to their work, with a cheery "good morning, is it cold enough for you?" to their neighbors or to some passer-by. There goes a man, running for a train. A short little man, walking by, is muttering about the cold and wishing that summer and warm weather would hurry and get here. He is probably the same man who mutters about the heat in the summer time. At this point, I am reminded that I have not broken the ice off the fish-pond yet, and am forced to leave the east window, the fat man, and the rising sun to themselves.

TREES AT EVENING

By June Glenn

More beauteous sight ne'er met the eye
Than trees against an evening sky.
When, as the sun's soft afterglow
Is melting into twilight. Oh,
When wind is sighing thru the trees
And as the moon's soft glow one sees—
Dear God, to think that such as I
Should see the trees against the sky!

A Pessimist Views Spring

Every clod feels the stir of might,
An instinct within that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly about for light
Sends up some weeds instead of flowers!

SPRING sends warm showers that bring up the weeds and lawns so quickly that it takes all of one's time to cut them. Every spare minute is put in mowing lawns or wielding a hoe. The perspiration flows freely. The muscles ache. The blisters come and go. The hands are rough and sore. The face is dirty; and then some bright person gets an inspiration and writes on the beauties of Spring!

Spring not only takes the method described in the preceeding paragraph to torture a person. She has many well known ways to extract the pleasure out of a person's mind and body. For example, when we are just getting accustomed to warm days and nights why we get rain. Colds and "flu" follow. We feel tired and run up a (spring) fever. The doctor sends us to bed for a week—and then some sing the glories of Spring! In the winter, one expects to stay at home and try to keep warm. In the summer one can go swimming and try to keep cool; but in the Spring, we have a hard time trying to figure out whether it is cold or warm and if we finally decide what it is, the weather will change.

Spring has different effects on different people. Some get ambitious and want to do something. The most convenient thing to do is to "cut" school. If we do such, many "happy" hours are spent in detention. When Spring effects us by taking away our ambition, why we get poor in our studies. We become lazy, indolent, and careless. Our grades drop. Our work is undone. Our hours are miserable. Our nights are sleepless. We are dead to the world, or wish we were—and then to add to the agony some person with nothing else to do sits down and elucidates on the wonders of Spring!

FADED ROSES

By JUNE GLENN

Golden sunlight streaming thru,
Golden sun on sparkling dew—
Roses once were fresh and bright,
But they withered over night.
Sifting leaves of faded hue—
Faded roses lying there,
Never more will they be fair.

AIR CASTLES

By JUNE GLENN

I have builded me a castle in the air
Where my dreams come true and life is always fair.
It's foundations are the clouds up in the sky,
It's a shining bubble floating there on high.
Oft' I wonder will my castle crash and fall?
Will the glitt'ring spires be crushed when they're so tall?
Or, as there it floats beneath the sun's bright beams,
Will it melt? The lovely palace of my dreams.

ACTIVITIES

AIR CASTLES

By JUNE GLENN

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ACTIVITIES

Student Body

THE STUDENT BODY organized itself last fall under the leadership of Bill Laughlin and Captain D. Brunton. A student body meeting was held every Wednesday.

This year the Student Body put over something that everyone should be proud of, and that is the Turf Bonds. This was a great success, because there was co-operation and willingness to do the work.

This year we became Members of the Community Association.

We guided the Student Body thru a very successful year with help of Bill Laughlin and Captain Delbert Brunton.

The Wednesday Programs were very good ones. Ted Jones, our vice-president, was at the head of these programs.

The members of the Executive Council are as follows:

WILLIAM LAUGHLIN .....*President*
TED JONES .....*Vice-President*
EVELYN CLARK .....*Secretary*
HARLE BISSONETTE
Commissioner of Finance
HERBERT MOORE, *Mgr. Boys' Athletics*
NELLIE JANOVICH, *Mgr. Girls' Athletics*
ELMER ELLSWORTH ....*Sergeant-at-Arms*
RAY ALFORD.....*Yell Leader*
ALLAN BAXTER.....*Freshman President*
JANE RICCOMI .....*Sophomore President*
CONSTANCE KUNZE .....*Junior President*
STEVE CARKEEK .....*Assistant Editor*
KEITH KUNZE .....*Editor-in-Chief*
LEWIS DUNHAM .....*Business Manager*
RAY ALFORD
Advertisement Manager of Annual
JOHN THUESEN
Advertisement Mgr. of Student Body

The Staff

ONCE AGAIN this indispensible publication has appeared for your approval or otherwise. It is the sincere hope of the staff that you will realize the amount of work, time, and money spent on this "Blue and Gray." It is also our highest desire that this will prove no exception to the excellent name the "Blue and Gray" has had since its first publication.

We wish to express our thanks to all those outside of the staff that have aided us in our effort to give you the "best ever." We thank our some three hundred subscribers and advertisers, who have so generously given the money that has made this publication possible. We cannot half begin to thank Miss Schmidt for the wholehearted aid and counsel she has given us. Miss Kincade and Richard Glyer deserve much credit for the cuts that appear in this book. The Oakland Na-

tional Engraving Company have been very helpful in their work of engraving. We thank them for their courtesy and aid. The DeForrest Studios, of San Francisco, were responsible for the pictures, and we thank them for the wonderful co-operation that they have given us. Being in a very embryonic state at the beginning of the year, the staff had to rely on the Beddoe Brothers, our printers, for the greater part of our outside help. They have been very patient with us and have gladly given us the most needed advice. The staff feels greatly indebted to them; for had it not been for their timely help and aid, this book could never have been published. Lastly, we want to thank our general advisor, Mr. Aitken, for the work he has most generously donated in our behalf.

M. D. Aitken ..... *General Advisor*

Fay Kincade ..... *Art Advisor*

Keith Kunze ..... *Editor-in-Chief*

Steve Carkeek ..... *Assistant Editor*

Lewis Dunham ..... *Business Manager*

Ray Alford ..... *Advertising Manager*

Owens Minton ..... *Snap Shot Editor*

Constance Kunze ..... *Joke Editor*

Evelyn Clark ..... *Activities Editor*

Evelyn Williams ..... *Organization Editor*

Herbert Moore ..... *Senior Prophet*

Jack Olney ..... *Writer of the Will*

Elizabeth Leslie ..... *Senior Historian*

Nellie Janovich ..... *Girls' Athletics Editor*

John Thuesen ..... *Boys' Athletics Editor*

Britton Greenough ..... *Alumni Editor*

Edith Edwards ..... *Art Editor*

Elfriede Konig ..... *Assistant Art Editor*

Lenore Grimes ..... *Freshmen*

Jack Chappel ..... *Sophomores*

Rudolph Konig ..... *Juniors*

Band

SINCE the first day of its organization the High School Band has commanded a position of importance in the support of the school. In all athletic contests, football in particular, our presence gave the teams a feeling of complete support from the student body. When we were absent, it proved, the visiting team took home the laurels. At most every basketball game we showed up and at one, Los Gatos, the bands from both schools combined and offered a few numbers. At teh baseball games we appeared only once.

Many concerts were given by us as a means of entertainment to the public. We played at the minstrel show. We gave a concert at the Municipal Park in Mountain View; and we broadcasted over KQW. We were called on many times to give our support to the different organizations in the community, the Civil War Veterans in particular, called on us to advertise their yearly program.

It was conceived at the beginning of the year that a uniform would be highly desirable when in parade. A concert was given and enough money was raised to start a fund for the purchase of uniforms. Now we are clothed in white sweaters and Blue and Gray hats.

There is still room for many more members in the band. If you do not have an instrument of your own, the school will be glad to help you get one. If you have one bring it to school and use it.

Orchestra

A FINE orchestra of forty pieces started a very busy, musical, and altogether triumphant year, way back in September. During the first of the year it practiced in Advisory period; but later it was decided to hold practice in the noon period. The orchestra grew better and better under the leadership of Mr. Campbell, and after charming the Assembly several times with its music, journeyed to Los Altos to lend atmosphere to the P. T. A. play, "Stop Thief." After that, its talent and ability were much in demand, and it played for many entertainments; including the American Legion Show, Senior Play, Operetta, P. T. A. Stunt Night, Dramatic Class' Three One-Act Plays, Band, Orchestra, Glee Club Concert, and last of all, for Graduation. One outstanding feature of the year was the joint concert with Palo Alto. This was a great success musically, and it is hoped, will be a yearly event.

But the life of an orchestra is not all work or "play," for, on the evening of May eleventh, the Orchestra had a party! The first half of the evening was spent in practicing for the Palo Alto concert. Then followed swimming, dancing, and eating.

We hope to have a symphonic instrumentation next year by the addition of an oboe, a bassoon, and a pair of tympani.

Boys' and Girls' Chorus

WHEN Mrs. Lundkvist first broached her plans for forming an eight o'clock chorus for girls, the faculty gravely folded their hands and shook their heads. No, it couldn't be done. Why, it was hard enough to get everyone in school at eight-thirty. But Mrs. Lundkvist had evidently made her plans work previously, so she went to work.

She started with twenty-nine girls, and every morning, rain or shine, the Little Theater gave forth jubilant noises. The early morning song birds drew interest, and soon the number grew until the chorus now numbers seventy-six.

During the first semester, the girls sang at the Teachers' Institute at Santa Clara, the Mountain View Rotary Club and the Los Altos Men's Club. Just before the Christmas vacation we caroled in the halls at school, and from the applause we received from all corners of the building, it must have been appreciated. We showed that we were all "quite there" on Music Night in February when we took part in the Camp Fire Scene and the Minstrel Show. In March we sang over KQW in San Jose for the Mountain View Night program. Now in April comes the Operetta and we certainly are in training! Mrs. Lundkvist states that her next definite plans are for graduation.

When plans for an Operetta were being broached, the boys also suddenly evinced an interest in an eight o'clock chorus. This time even the girls said it couldn't be

done—But—the boys' chorus under Mr. Thompson's direction now numbers fifty members.

In the second semester the boys took part in the Minstrel Show on Music night, and are turning out full force for the Operetta.

Next year, Mrs. Lundkvist is planning on starting an a'capello choir of picked, mixed voices.

It is easy to see from the big jump of members in the girls' chorus and the original number of the boys' chorus what good leaders and favorites our baton wielders are. It's nothing short of miraculous the way the boys and girls turn out, or rather, *into* chorus each morning on the dot at eight or just a *little* later, stifling yawns and blinking sleepy eyes, to be thoroughly awakened by singing old favorites or Operetta choruses as we are now doing.

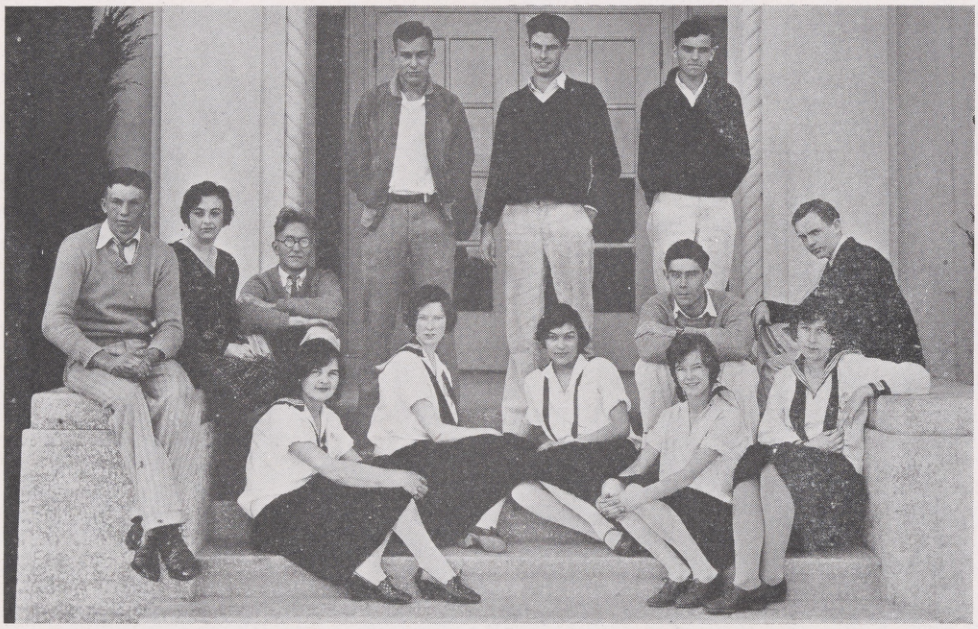
In expressing our appreciation for the wonderful work of Mrs. Lundkvist and Mr. Thompson, we also wish to express our thanks to Mr. Wheeler, Mr. Campbell and Mr. Grubb for taking us on the school buses to and from our various distinations, and for enduring our hilarious noises on and from the way.

WHERE DO THEY GO?

By June Glenn

Where goes the flame when the candle burns out?
Where goes the soul when our life is done?
These are the questions I've wondered about:
Flame, soul, and where goes the light of the sun?

Dramatics



Senior Play

THE SENIOR PLAY, "Green Stockings," by A. E. W. Mason, was presented by the Senior Class on March 7. It was directed and coached by Mrs. H. E. Gordon, and was, from every standpoint, a huge success.

Everyone enjoyed it from the rise of the curtain on Act 1 to the final curtain call. The Orchestra, under the able direction of Mr. Campbell, assisted during the evening with selected orchestra numbers.

CAST

Colonel J. N. Smith, D. S. O.	Lewis Dunham
William Faraday, J. P.	John Thuesen
Admiral Grice, R. N.	Ted Jones
Honorable Robert Tarver	Richard Glyer
James Raleigh	Steve Carkeek
Henry Steele	Eugene Irvine
Martin	Millie Marcella
Celia Faraday	Evelyn Williams
Evelyn Trenchard	Anne Kamerschen
Madge Rackingham	Cora Radisich
Phyllis Faraday	Margaret Castle
Mrs. Chisholme Faraday	Iolande Sciarini

The Operetta

THE OPERETTA, "The Captain of Plymouth," was presented on April 25, by the combined efforts of the Boys' Glee Club, Mr. Thompson, the Girls' Glee Club, Mrs. Lundkvist, the Orchestra, Mr. Campbell, the Art Department, Miss Kincaid, the Domestic Science Department, Mrs. Chandler, and Miss Christal.

The Cast was as follows:

Miles Standish, who is wonderfully like Caesar ..... Henry Norman
John Alden, the Diligent Scribe ..... William Laughlin
Elder Brewster, who believes life is only sorrow ..... Steve Carkeek
Erasmus, Miles' right bower ..... Ray Potts
Wattawamut, Chief of the Pequots ..... Thomas Cardoza
Richard, Stephen, Gibert } ..... Lads of the Colony ..... { Lyle Miller, Hubert Boore, Ted Jones
Priscilla, the fairest maiden in Plymouth ..... Evelyn Clark
Katonka, an Indian princess ..... Anne Kamerschen
Mercy, an early American girl ..... Margaret Castle
Charity ..... Evelyn Williams
Patience ..... Cora Radisich
Mary ..... Marjorie Chappell
Martha ..... Doris de Curtoni
Hester ..... Frances Bubb
Ruth ..... Phyllis Steffan
Constance ..... Edythe Edwards
Soldiers, Sailors, Indians, Squaws, Puritan Men and Maidens ..... Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs
Elda Frederickson ..... Accompanist, assisted by Orchestra

THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS

The dramatics class, under the direction of Mrs. Gordon presented three one-act plays on the night of May 23. This program was substituted for the annual Student Body Night. The casts of the plays were as follows:

THE DRUMS OF OUDE

By AUSTIN STRONG

Captain McGregor ..... Ray Potts
Lieutenant Hartley ..... Carl Schmidt
Sergeant McDougal ..... Ted Marsh
Stewart, the Sentry ..... Ray Alford
Two Hindustani Servants ..... Frances Sherman, Helen Langley
Mrs. Jack Clayton ..... Frances Sherman
Sepoy ..... Elizabeth Leslie
Servants ..... Katherine Knapp, Cherry Wessenburg

THE TWELVE POUND LOOK

By JAMES BARRIE

Sir Harry ..... Ray Alford
Kate ..... Erma Schroeder
Lady Sims ..... Anna Knapp
Tomhes ..... Harle Bissonette

THE MAN IN THE BOWLER HAT

By A. A. MILNE

John ..... Ted Marsh
Mary ..... Constance Kunze
Hero ..... Harle Bissonette
Heroine ..... Eifriede Konig
Chief Villain ..... Carl Schmidt
Bad Man ..... Rudolph Konig
Man in the Bowler Hat ..... Ray Alford

MUSICAL PROGRAM

THIS YEAR the music department of the High School presented a musical program under the supervision of Mrs. L. D. Lundkvist and Mr. L. F. Campbell, for the purpose of buying uniforms for the band. By the hard work and hearty co-operation of all, the program was a success. The program was as follows:

1. ORCHESTRA
   - Overture, Youth Triumphant ..... Gibb
   - Petit Suite de Ballet ..... Bluck
   - American Patrol ..... Meacham
   - In the Sudan ..... Sebek
   - Hungarian Dance, No. 5 ..... Brahms
2. CAMPFIRE SCENE
   - Girls' Chorus ..... All Your Old Favorites
3. MUSIC IN OUR SCHOOLS ..... Captain Brunton
4. BAND
   - Military Escort
   - Deep Bass
   - Apple Blossoms
   - Old Folks at Home
   - New Colonial March
5. MINSTREL SHOW
   - Interlocutor ..... Elmer Ellsworth
   - End Men ..... Ray Potts, Ted Marsh, Noel Knight, E. Busby
   - Chorus ..... Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs
   - Accompanist ..... Elda Frederickson

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ORGANIZATIONS

Girls' League

THE GIRLS' LEAGUE has continued this year to push onward in their work for the school and community. We were represented at the eighth conference of the Federation of High School Girl Leagues of the San Francisco Bay Counties by Evelyn Clark, our president, Evelyn Williams, and Miss Schmidt, the Dean of the Girls.

At Christmas time, the Girl's League handled an "Old Clothes Drive" and distributed the clothes among the needy. The girls also dressed sixty little dolls and presented them to some of the small children of the community.

In April, the Girls' League presented the Student Body with three large vases, to be used on the stage; candy sales accumulated the funds for this gift.

The Girls' League wish to thank their advisor, Miss Christal, for her kindly advice and efforts in behalf of the girls during this school year.

Boys' League

THE BOYS' LEAGUE was organized this year under the direction of Mr. Wilder, advisor, and Herbert Moore, president. Meetings were held once a month; and speeches or athletic programs were the usual entertainment.

The League has been very active this year. The one big job was the erecting of the fence and the building of the turf field. Under the able supervision of Mr. Grubb and John Thuesen, the boys have spent many hours of labor on this project. The League was also in charge of "Hobo Day" and our "Big Bonfire Rally."

In behalf of the boys, I want to take this opportunity to thank Mr. Wilder for the interest he has manifested in us and the work he has done.

Scholarship Society

WITH the standard of scholarship raised to that of the largest and best schools of the state it requires a greater effort to meet this standard, and the honor of making it is one to be very proud of.

The Scholarship Society observed National Book Week with a large display of beautifully bound and attractively illustrated books, which were generously loaned to us by several San Jose book stores. Mr. James Cochran, a manager of the Pacific Press, gave an interesting illustrated lecture on book-making. California University showed that it is greatly interested in C. S. F. members of the High School as well as in the Seal Bearers who enter the College by sending a member of the Phi Beta Kappa down to delight us with an interesting account of college life. Miss Hess of San Jose Teachers' College also spoke to us.

The most anticipated event of the year was our annual banquet held March 22. A grand march led by the trumpeter ended in the never-to-be-forgotten scene of a banquet hall in Alladin's Court. Beautiful Chinese lanterns brightly lighted the artfully decorated tables and the stage of the comical puppet show, which certainly was a masterpiece. The Queen of the Court, Elda Frederickson, and the King of the Genie, Charles Bubb, presided. To crown the events of the evening Elda Frederickson and Iolande Sciarini were presented with life membership pins by Captain Brunton.

The Rotary Club of Mountain View is now sponsoring our Society. They have bought our pins and are taking a great interest in all our activities. In the past civic organizations have often feted athletes. This yearwe were so honored.

Boys' Block

SOME forty odd boys assembled in the Cafeteria shortly after the football season and elected their officers for '28 and '29. Steve Carkeek proved to be their well-chosen leader. The work of the Boys' Block Society has been very limited, but what work it has done has been perfect. The most important work accomplished was to stimulate interest in athletics in M: V. Hi. Just glance over our scores and places we hold in our league's standings, and we will be found on the top.

Steve Carkeek, president; Edward Neuroth, secretary and treasurer; Mr. Grubb, sponsor.

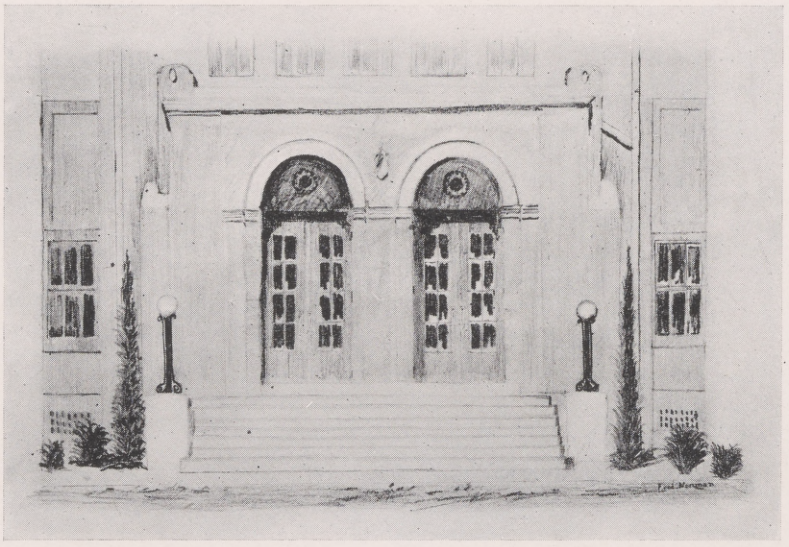
Hi-Y

IN the hale and hearty month of October the boys interested in the Hi-Y met for the first time. The usual election of officers took place with J. H. Thuesen presiding. The organization wisely re-elected Mr. Thuesen for president. R. T. Glyer furnished the ballyhooing of the evening with his usual spontaneous speeches.

Athletics were what the boys concentrated their efforts on this year. They even managed to scrape up a team that beat the wily Faculty five.

There were many musical meetings throughout the year, if they may be classed as such, in which our advisor, Mr. Aitken, playfully banged the piano. Many unknown hog-callers were discovered at these meetings, for the boys insisted on singing.

There is now a strong movement afloat for next year's Hi-Y; it is to be hoped that the coming year wil be as successful as was the year of '28-'29.



ATHLETICS
SPORTSMANSHIP
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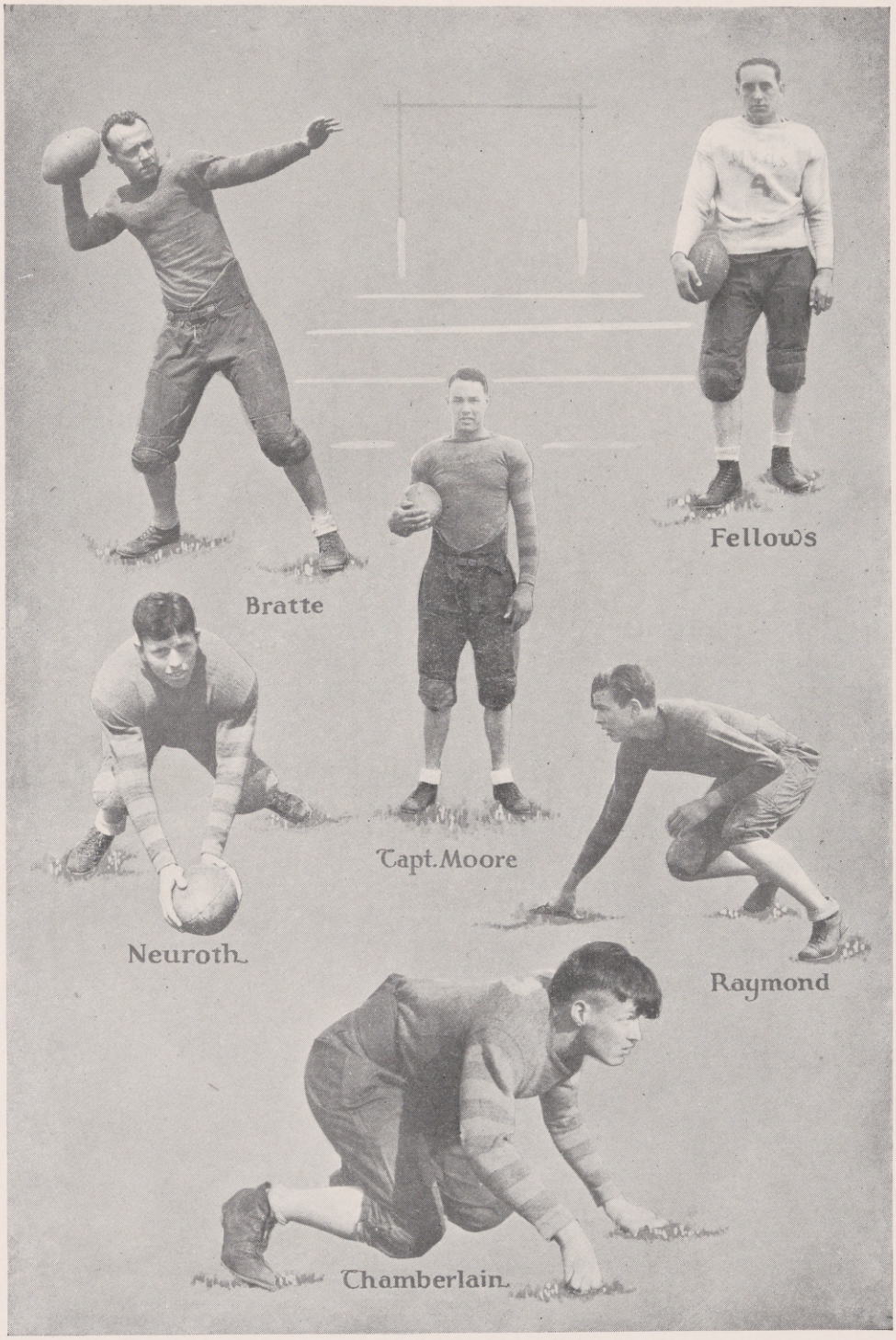

Bratte
Fellows
Capt. Moore
Neuroth
Raymond
Chamberlain

Football

THE BLUE AND GRAY retained the honors won last year, but in doing so more tense moments were witnessed by the spectators, each one meaning a victory or defeat. It will be difficult for the players, as well as the spectators to forget the time Fremont had the ball on the one foot line, and then the timekeepers began to argue as to whether or not the game was over; nor will they forget easily the time Santa Clara, who brought up the rear of the Conference, held us to a 6-6 tie at half time, and then we were able to beat them 13-6.

The first game against Palo Alto Second team was an easy victory as our men out-weighed them and were more experienced, and therefore we ran up a score of 25-0. But as time showed this game amounted to nothing.

The next Friday found us merrily on our way to Los Gatos full of confidence, jubilation, and joy. About three hours later, a small, crestfallen, downtrodden, battered, bruised, and weary group of lads were painfully wondering how, when, where, what, and why, the Los Gatos Wildcats had ripped, clawed, and yowled their way to a 13-0 victory.

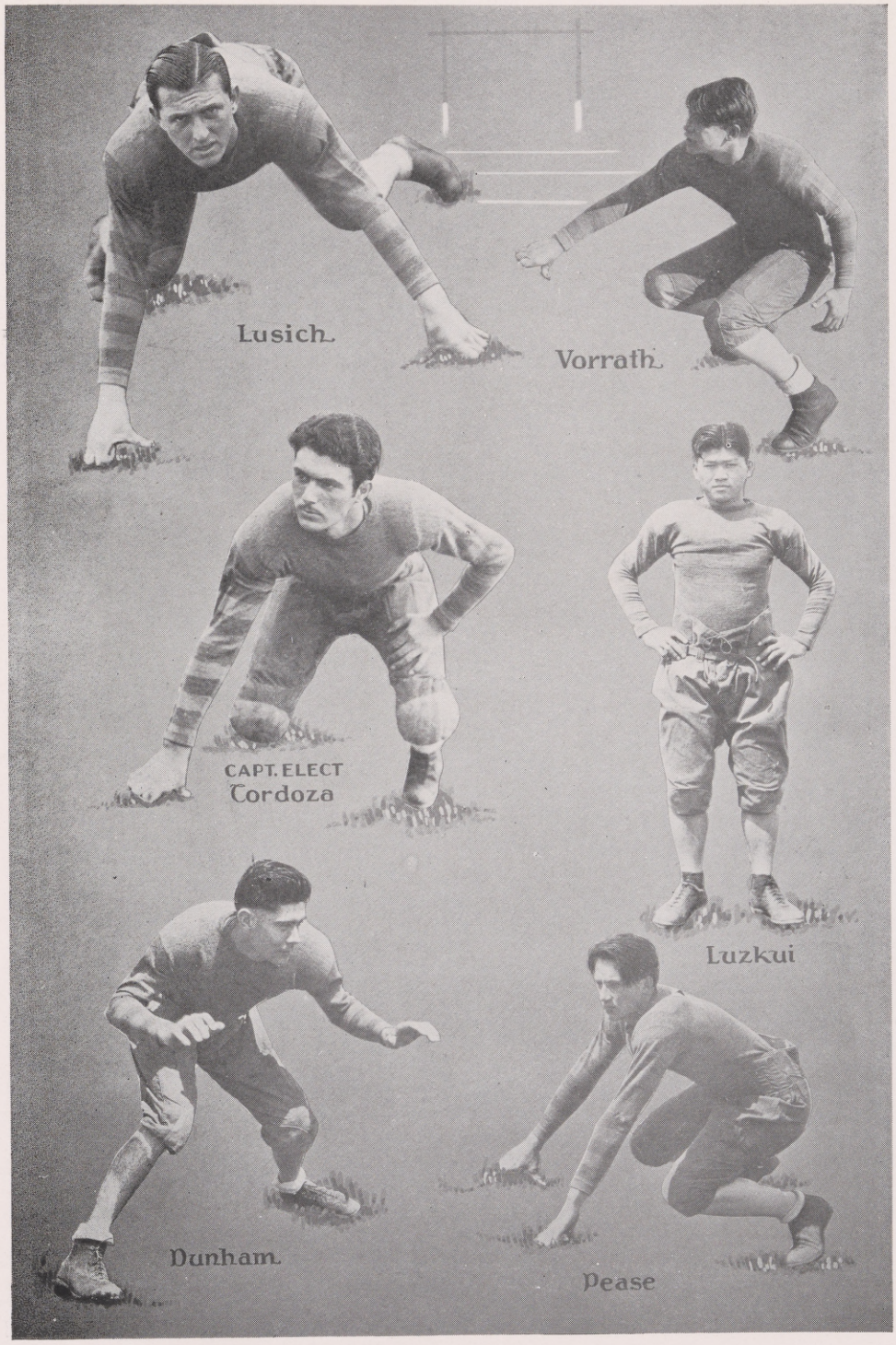
With all the encouragement that three overwhelming defeats can give, we faced the Fremont "Prune Slingers," who had just put in a big season in the dry yard, had now taken to football, and were beginning to loom as rather formidable. There are two points in this game, one of which has already been described. The other was when Dunham, Jr. picked up a ball thoughtlessly dropped by a Fremont Back and scampered 25 yards to 6 points. Unlike Benny Lom's numerous similar attempts it was allowed.

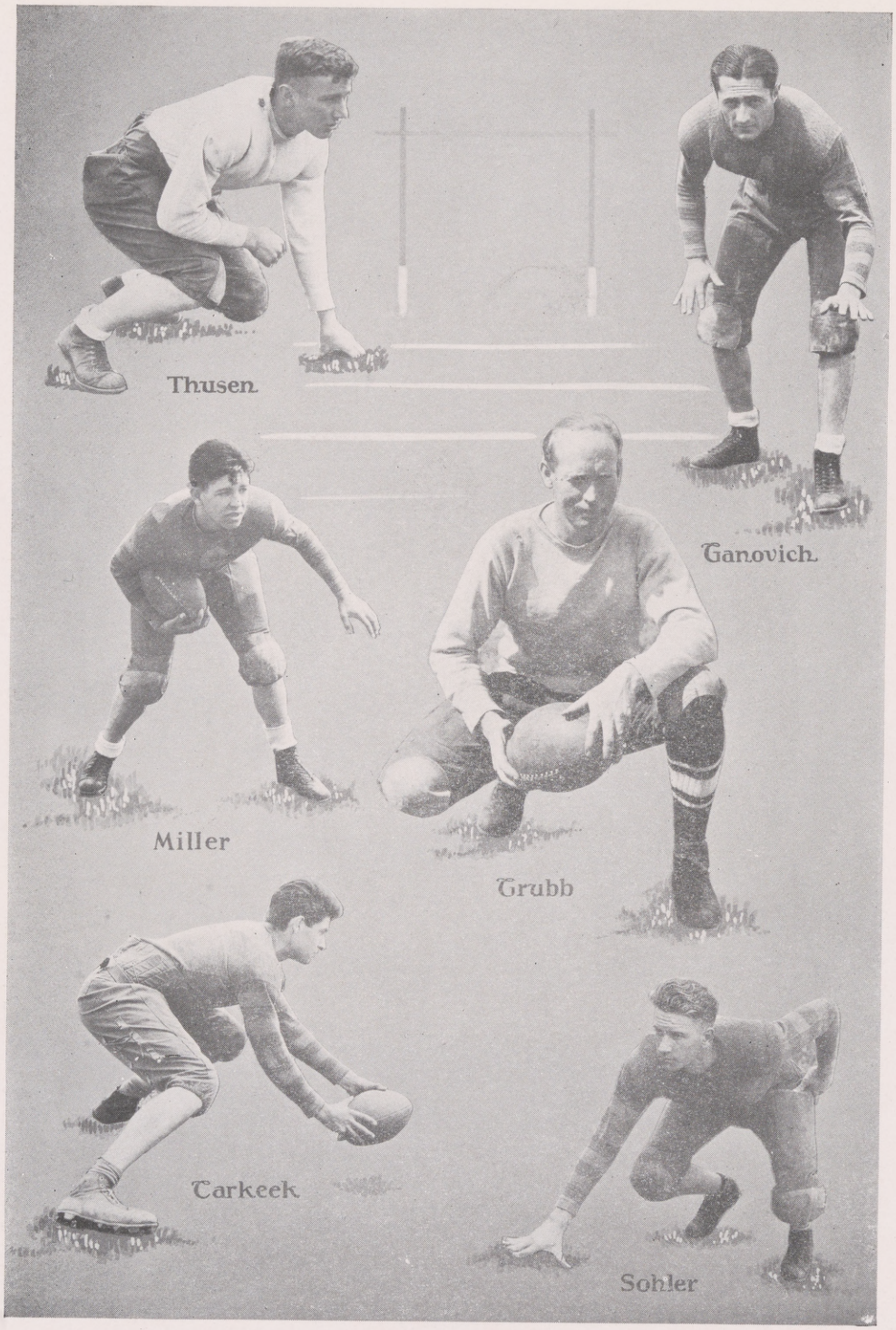
This slight victory helped matters considerably as far as morale was concerned, but about this time "old man flu" came along and put several Eagles to bed. However this didn't worry Gilroy and they came right up to the Eagles' Nest. They started the game by making two first downs right off the bat. Now about this time Capt. E. H. Moore and a few others thought things had gone far enough so they proceeded to carry into effect plans for a 19-0 vcitory which they carried out to a T. This game was our most remarkable victory from the standpoint that five of our regulars were in bed, and there were but two men on the bench throughout the game.

As a result of Fremont's winning from Los Gatos 7-0, we were tied with Los Gatos for first place as each of us had lost one game. Arrangements were made accordingly, and the game to decide the championship of the S. C. I. A. L. was to to played at Reed's Field in San Jose.

The tilt with Los Gatos as the favorites from the comparative scores was nothing else but an Eagle's feast from start to finish. The "Wildcats" seemed unable to make any advances, and only when Coach Grubb in the last quarter sent in the second string were they able to get into scoring territory, but they lacked the final push, and we went to the showers with a 27-0 scalp under our belts.

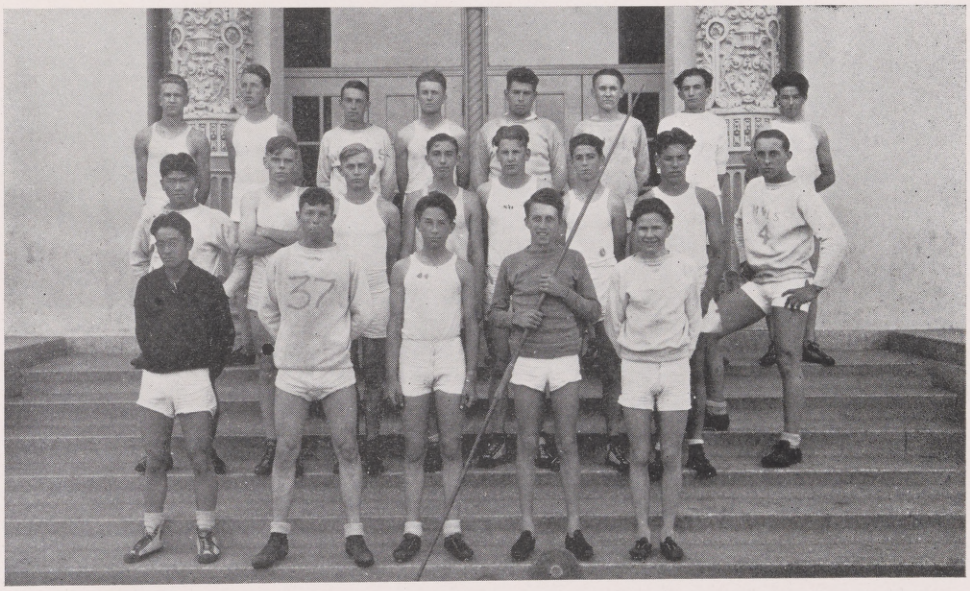
Captain H. E. Moore, veteran of four years, star tackle, and half back is the biggest loss caused by graduation. Lewis Dunham, stellar tackle, and Doyce Pease who held down the other guard position with distinction, and Steve Carkeek, the Eagles part time tackle and most of the time center are lost by graduation.


Lusich
Vorrath
CAPT. ELECT
Cordoza
Luzkui
Dunham
Pease


Thusen
Ganovich
Miller
Grubb
Tarkeek
Sohler

This account would be sadly lacking were not a few words said about Coach "Gloomy Gus" Grubb, who has now turned out two championship football teams for two consecutive years, and the prospects of a third are anything but gloomy.

Our most outstanding player this year was Ray Fellows, "Full", whose wonderful passing, kicking, line-plunging, running of the ends, and drop kicking were the features of almost every game. Neuroth, the plucky center, Carkeek's alternate, deserves much credit, and great things ar expected of him next year. Lusich and Chamberlain were the guard alternates. Suzuki and Vorrath, tackles, will play no small part in next year's hopes. At the end next year Janovich, Clay, and Raymond will each do their bit. For the backfield, there are Captain-elect Tom Cardoza at quarter, and three exceptional halfbacks in Bratt, Sohler, and Miller.



Track

TRACK has come to the front this year more so than any other sport. For the last years our track stars have been few and our accomplishments fewer, however, this year it has been a different story, every night after school there have been many out on the oval going through their paces; and we have several star performers; as Campbell and Clark in the pole vault, Moore in the high-jump, Manfredi in the weights, Sohler, Fellows, and Janovich, all flashes in the dashes. The unlimited were beaten out by two-fifths of a point for first place in the S. C. V. A. L. by Gilroy, but our 110's and 130's each copped first place in the S. C. V. A. L. by comfortable margins.

Our success this year to a great extent again falls on the shoulders of Coach Grubb, who has been able to devote more time to track this year than in the past.

Basketball

UNLIMITED

THE Blue and Gray Eagles this year put their talons securely on to second place, being only outplayed on Los Gatos' diminutive court. Coach Grubb built up a good scoring combination in Janovich, Laznibat, and Jelavich, while Manfredi and Bratte when not on the defensive sank a few timely shots to even up the score. The most exciting game was against the Los Gatos "beanpoles," who took first place in the S. C. V. A. L. From start to finish, and they had to play an extra period, the game was a toss up. For the first time in five years we triumphed over Santa Clara. The alternates for the positions were Miller at forwards and Lusich and Konig at guards.

'THIRTIES

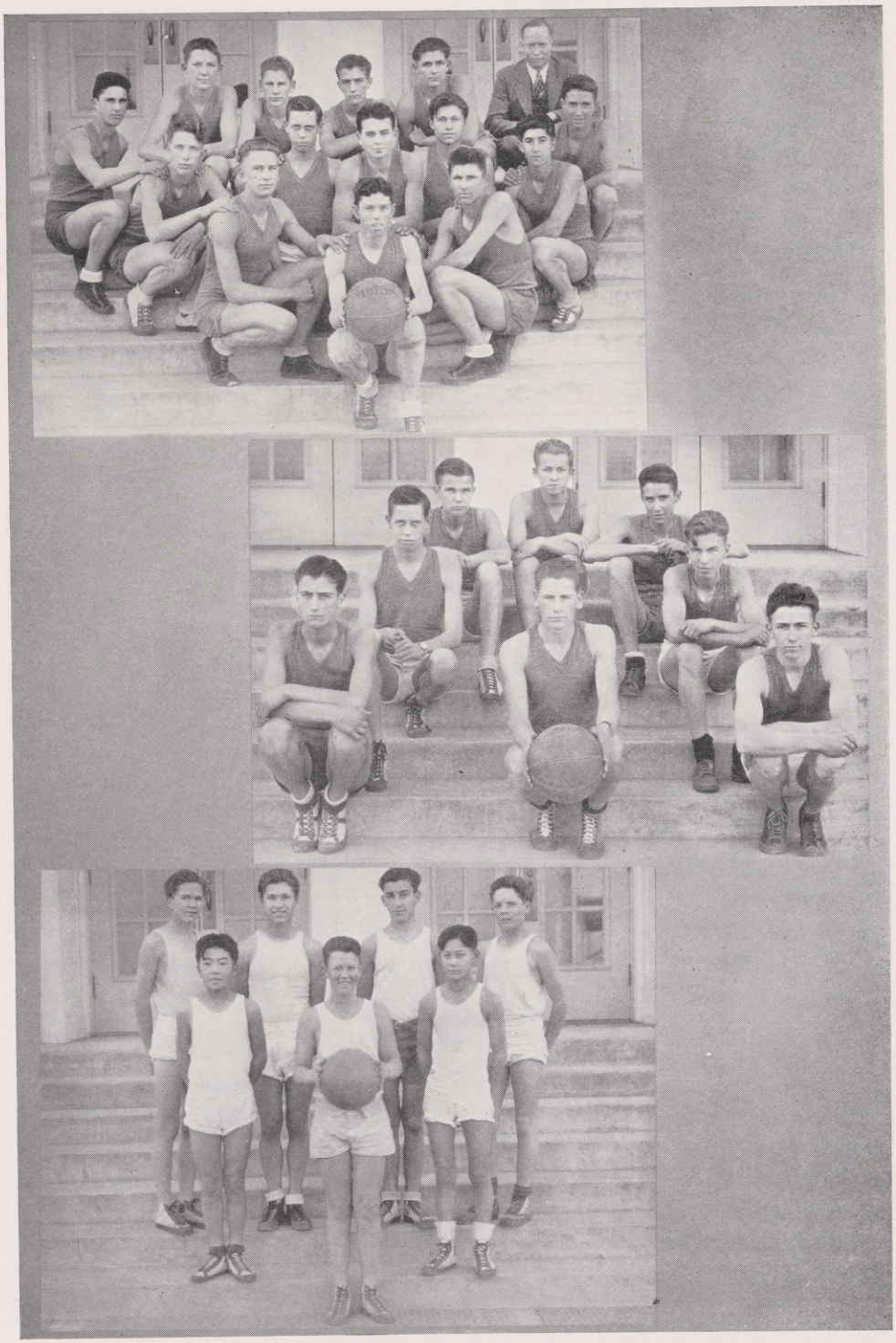
The Blue and Gray Babes this year, while they only copped third place, displayed at times a brand of basketball that seemed unbeatable, and which afforded many tense moments to the spectators.

Captain Neuroth and C. de Curtoni at forwards, and Sohler at center made up a scoring combination hard to beat. Campbell and L. Givich together were the Nemesis of many a well-aimed shot.

The following each did their part in building up the team: Centers, Boore, T. Marshall; Forwards, Chappell, Laughlin, Addoto, J. Marshall, Pihl; Guards, Minton, Milovina, Manlove, J. Givich.

'TWENTIES

The '20s this year made a better showing than in the past. They tied for second



place. Captain Chappell and Charles de Curtoni were the two outstanding players of the season. Defensively, Dale and Schmidt were the bright lights. Quite an interest was manifested by the number of players that came out for the entire season. Chappel, Pell, Dana Olney, Bernard Pihl, at forwards, de Curtoni, Manlove at center, and Dale, Edwards, Nichols, and Schmidt, fought it out for the guard berths.

'TENS

The '10s again took second place this year in the League. They were Captained by "Buss" Rose, forward, who was one of the outstanding players this year. Others who showed up very well were Watkins and Kozie at forwards; Addoto, center; Marovich, Van Loan, and Fannucci at guards.

Baseball

AT THE TIME of writing the outcome of the baseball team is still undecided. Mountain View having won from Fremont, Morgan Hill, and Los Gatos, and taken an unexpected trouncing by Santa Clara. However, keeping in mind the loss caused by graduation last year, the team has really worked itself into a good baseball machine. "Pot" Manfredi is holding his own very nicely in the box, Campbell, last year's center fielder, has been switched to short, Sohler is our second sacker and Laznibat, last year's second baseman, is on the "Hot Spot" this year. Dan Johnson is developing into quite a lead-off man, while Janovich is still batting number four. Fellows, our first sacker and Bratte, catcher, are in their old berths; and "Bus" Rose, when the day is clear can be seen out in right field. Joe Johnson and Ellsworth, catchers, Corridan and Oku, fielders, and Marshall, second base, make up the entire squad.

WHY BOYS GO WRONG
BIFF-BAM-BEWLEY
WIPEST THY BROW
LADIES AID
PIPE THE DISTANCE
RAPA-DADDY-WHOOPEE
OUR NELLIE
LON CHANEY'S UNDERSTUDY
TOBACCO-THUESON-DOCTOR

Girls' Block Society

GIRLS' BLOCK SOCIETY was organized last year for the purpose of promoting interest in Girls' Athletics.

Membership is based on the point system of the Girls' Penninsula Athletic League, and our members number 19. Any girl is eligible who has earned her points by participation in four-game series.

This year we gave a welcome party for the Freshmen girls, sponsored interclass competition, contributed to the Junior Carnival, and in general have been sincerely affiliated with all principles of good sportsmanship.

The following have held offices for this year: Nellie Janovich, president; Loris Clark, vice-president; and Doris de Curtoni, secretary-treasurer.

Girls' Athletics

ONE of the most important functions of a school is Athletics. It is true that where an athletic spirit exists, good sportsmanship, co-operation, and clean play are attained by participants as well as spectators.

A new sport which was introduced into the school this year is hockey. The girls practiced hockey in their Physical Education Periods, and in this way learned the fundamentals of the game. Next year it is hoped that we will have a field, and that more enthusiasm will be aroused in this particular sport.

Basketball season was a very interesting one. The most interesting games played were between the Juniors and Seniors. These two teams had to play a hard game to determine the championship. After a hard battle the Juniors were victorious. The Seniors came second, the Sophomores third, and the Frosh fourth.

The Line-up of the various teams was as follows:

FRESHMEN		SOPHOMORES
Adele Escolle (Captain)	Guard	Merle Reddington
Betty Cope	Guard	Anna Janovich
Pat Crowell	J. Center	Jane Riccomi
Catherine Stahor	Side Center	Phyllis Steffan
Gladys Knudsen	Forward	Loris Clark (Captain)
Angelina Testa	Forward	Eunice Mason

JUNIORS		SENIORS
Lillian Beck	Guard	Ellen Beck
Zelma Reddington (Captain)	Guard	Tayeko Kiyomura
Ruth Raymond	J. Center	Doris De Curtoni (Captain)
Leona Stone	Side Center	Helen Langley
Edythe Edwards	Forward	Nellie Janovich
Erma Schroeder	Forward	Evelyn Clark

Baseball season promises to be a favorable one. We have not as yet played any games but we expect to start in the near future.

This Annual Printed by—

Beddoe Brothers

phone 145

756 Dana Street Mountain View, Calif.

CAME THE DAWN

Bill B.: "I've never seen such dreamy eyes."

Erma S.: "You've never stayed so late before."

Bratte: "Everytime I have an argument with Bee Taylor, I enter it in a small diary."

Neuroth: "Ah—I see. You keep a little 'scrap' book."

MOUNTAIN VIEW
HARDWARE CO.

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OUR HARDWARE
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OLD FAITHFUL
WORK DAZE
MARY (MERRY)
HOBO PHIL
STARS
HOW DRY I AM
LOOKOUT BELOW!!

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Congratulations and Best Wishes to the Class of 1929

We feautre S&W and Monarch Brand because they are the quality merchandise. Fresh Vegetables, Fruit, Milk and Cream Daily.

No One Ever Regretted Buying QUALITY
That's Why We Enjoy Selling QUALITY

Erichsen's Grocery

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4 Deliveries Daily

Mr. Aitken: "Well class, I don't mind you all looking at your watches, but please be courteous enough not to hold them up to your ears as if they had stopped running!"

Pfleger: "Everytime I learn something, I store it away."
Steve: "Well I hope you learn to play your saxaphone."

First National Bank

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CALIFORNIA

Office Phone 345 Res. Phone 138W

RICHARD HOOK, Jr.

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INSURANCE

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A School to be Proud Of

We are glad to express in this small way, our pride and faith in Mountain View High School, with its fine organization of leaders and instructors, and the splendid student body of young future citizens and home makers.

THE MINTON COMPANY

MATERIAL MERCHANTS

BUILDERS OF HOMES AND SCHOOLS

Mr. Aitken: "If you jump from the tower of Pisa, how far into the earth will you sink?"
Irvine: "Six feet."

She: "Why did you let go of the wheel?"
He: "I just wanted to see if I had a flat tire."
She: "Oh, you mean thing."

"Service with a Smile"

Try our Cash and Carry Ice, Cold Storage and Dry Storage Facilities

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QUALITY GROCERIES
LAWSON'S
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES

4 DELIVERIES DAILY 4

Service—Satisfaction

2 Phones
52 or 66J

Madsen's

THE ONE STOP
STATION

COMPLETE SERVICE

"—and waiter," added the fussy old gentleman, "Have my chops lean."
"Yes, sir, which way, sir?"

"Let me tell your fortune, miser."
"How much?"
"Half-dollar."
"Correct to a cent."

J. V. MANFREDI

Is Always Ready

CLASS OF
'20

REAL ESTATE
INSURANCE

Clark
Canning
Company

—⊙—

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CALIFORNIA

Dependable Nationally-Known Merchandise

Sold with an un-conditional Guarantee,
and assembled from the World's
Famous Markets.

Roos Bros

9 STORE BUYING POWER

Dunham: "Did they offer you anything for your old Dodge?"
Thuesen: "Yeh, they took one look and offered a prayer."

Londoner: "I say, old Chap, what was that noise?"
New Yorker: "That was an owl."
Londoner: "My word, my dear man, I know that, but what was 'owling?"

KNIGHT'S PHARMACY

Open 8 A. M. to 10 P. M.

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We give S. & H. Green Stamps

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HEY-
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GYPSY
ALFORD
GUN!
HAW
HAW!!
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PLAY MATES

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Vanity Fair
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Catering to
All Beauty Needs

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Phone 53
Res. 24J

Geo. W. SOHLER
PUMPS AND PLUMBING

135 Castro Street Mountain View

Little Joe: "I like my grandpa."
Big Joe: "Does he tell you bedtime stories?"
Little Joe: "Naw, traveling salesmen's."

"Jack kissed me last night."
"How many times?"
"I came to confess, not to boast."

CLOTHING
and
FURNISHINGS

for

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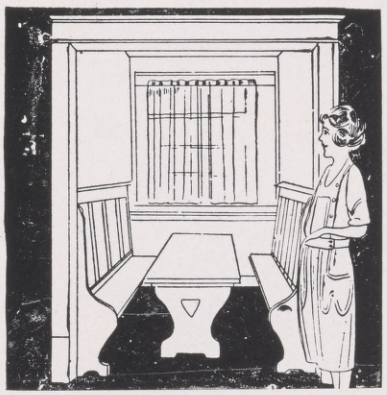

We are ready to serve you with anything in the building line.

D&S

Lumber Company, Inc.

Telephone
Mtn. View 440

State Highway
at El Monte Ave.

Algernon (reading joke): "Fancy this Percy, a chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels."

Percy: "Haw-Haw! And how many wheels has the bally thing got?"

Miss Schmidt: "Mary, give a sentence using the word 'analysis.'"

Mary Anway: 'My name is Mary and-Alice-is my sister."

E. Schmidt & Son

(Formerly Junction Garage)

Chrysler and Plymouth
Motor Cars

SALES and SERVICE

State Highway Phone 115
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA

Phone 22J No Waiting

"It Pays to Look Well"

PALACE BARBER
SHOP
SANITARY

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Master Violin Maker

EXPERT REPAIRING

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We invite you to come in and try
Our Old Collection of Violins
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at
Hirschbeck's Bakery

HALLEY G. COPELAND
PRINTER
MOUNTAIN VIEW, CALIFORNIA

184 CASTRO STREET PHONE FIVE-O-SEVEN

"Whom did you vanquish today, Oh! Octavious?"
"Great Caesar you got your Gaul!"

Wise-Cracker: "Aw, go count yourself again, you ain't so many."

A—"Did you hear about the Scotchman (?) who rode on the Pay-As-You-Leave-Bus?"
B—"No, why?"
A—"He's still riding."

Compliments

RANDALL'S

"Confections of Quality"

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MOUNTAIN VIEW HAS TWO INSTITUTIONS

Of Which the People Are Justly Proud; One is the

UNION HIGH SCHOOL

and the other is the

MOUNTAIN VIEW
REGISTER LEADER
Established 1888

Both are Educators and Leaders of Public Opinion and we couldn't get along without either.

PROF. SCHMIDT
SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
OUR BARBARIAN TRIO
OFFICIAL VEHICLE
OUR DANCING DAUTERS
ON PARADE
IT GIFFS A SPILL !
"MOTHERS KNOW BEST"
WASH DAY
HENRY JIMMY & MARTIN
COONSKIN AITKEN
TAKE 'EM OFF
The END

ON LATIN!

Latin is a language
At least, it used to be,
It killed off all the Romans,
And now it's killing me.

All are dead who read it.
All are dead who wrote it.
All will die who try to learn it.
Blessed death, they deserve it.

Stude: "Gee, this soup is good!"
Mrs. Chandler: "It ought to be, I had a hand in it."

M. A. GAST

Dealer in

CANDY, SOFT DRINKS

STATIONERY

and

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

If all the people riding in rumble seats at this moment were to get out and stand side by side they would stretch.

Exide Batteries Phone 227J

Louis A. Sinz

Auto Electric and Battery Service

744 California St., Mountain View

Henry and Sylvia were out driving. Henry had one arm around Sylvia when the car hit a bump and skidded.
"Oh, Henry," gasped Sylvia, "Use two hands."
"Can't," said Henry grimly. "Got'ta drive with one."

Young Lady: "What is the name of this radio set?"
Clark: "That's the Belividere."
Young Lady (after stony glare): "Can you recommend the Belva?"

Teacher: "Why don't you answer me?"
Glyer: "I did, I shook my head."
Teacher: "But you don't expect me to hear it rattle way up here do you?"

Mr. Wheeler (in study to Pearson): "Say Ed, if you ever take an intense dislike to me, why just study for a while and I'll sure fall dead from surprise."

Mr. Aitken (speaking of artillery and big guns): "Now if a bullet from a 16-inch gun should hit this physics lab—"
Jack Olney: "Yeh, school'd be dismissed."

Ray A: "'Ello Ray, what're you doing?"
Ray P.: "Oh, this and that."
Ray A: "Where?"
Ray P.: "Here and there."
Ray A.: "When?"
Ray P.: "Oh, now and then."
Ray A.: "Hm—Don't believe you."

Boys, Girls and Teachers

of the

MOUNTAIN VIEW UNION
HIGH SCHOOL

A Happy and Prosperous Future for You All

is the wish of

CHAS. F. HARTLEY, President
SAM P. MILLER, Vice-President

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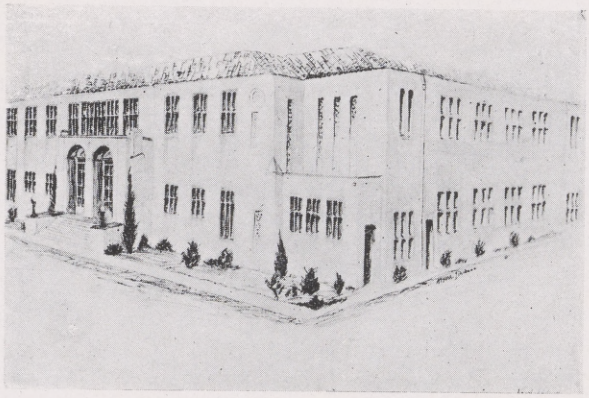

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